

PUNCH MAY 3 1961

4th Street VOL. CCXII

Punch

9d



Semler

The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW (FINAL DAY; RANELAGH GARDEN GATE)

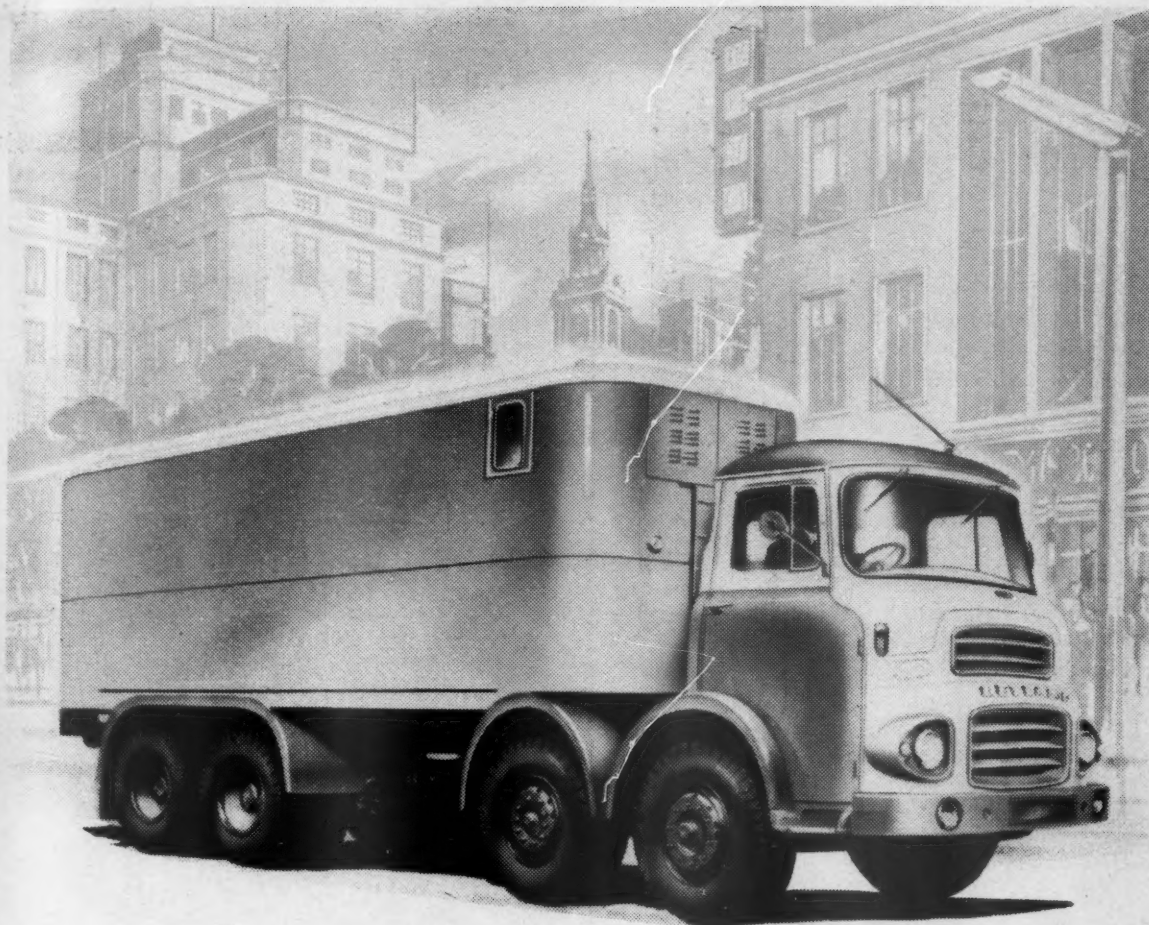


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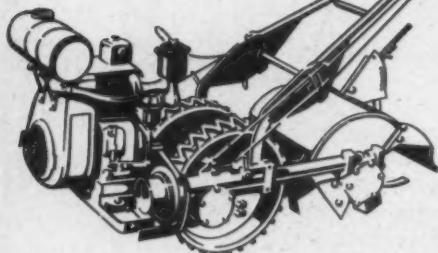
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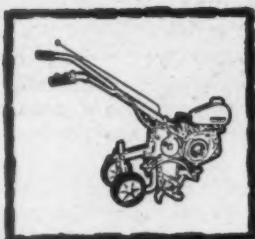
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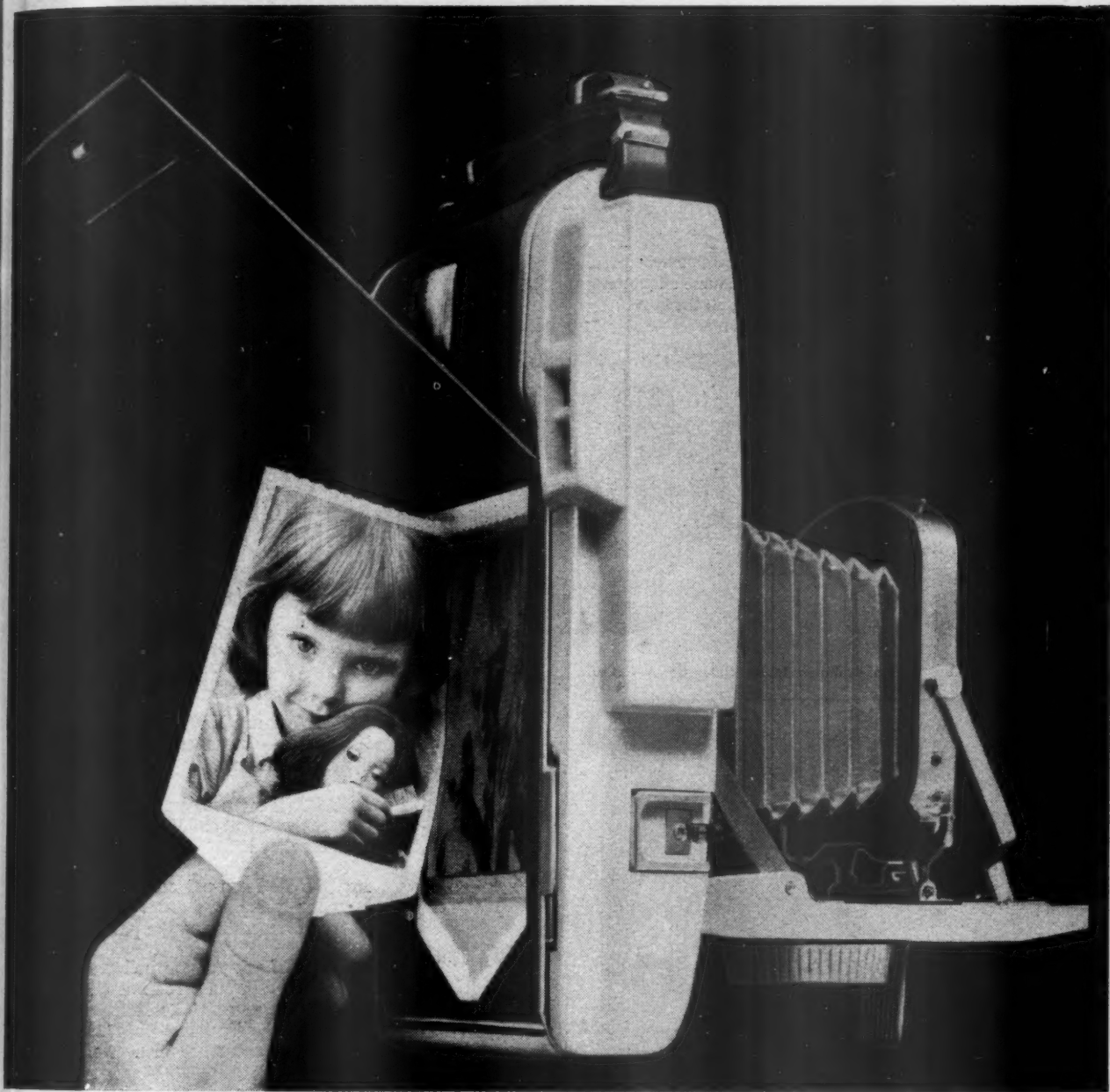
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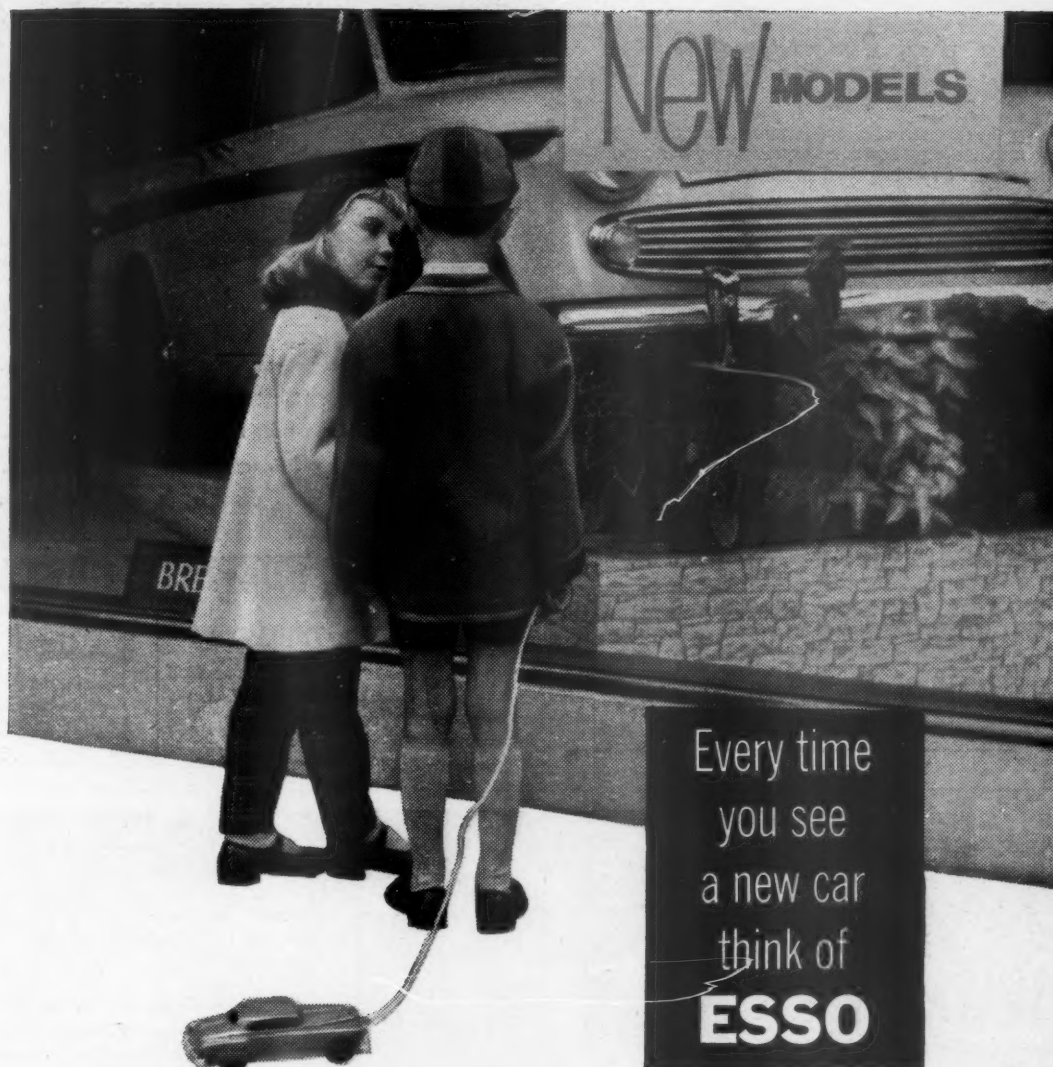
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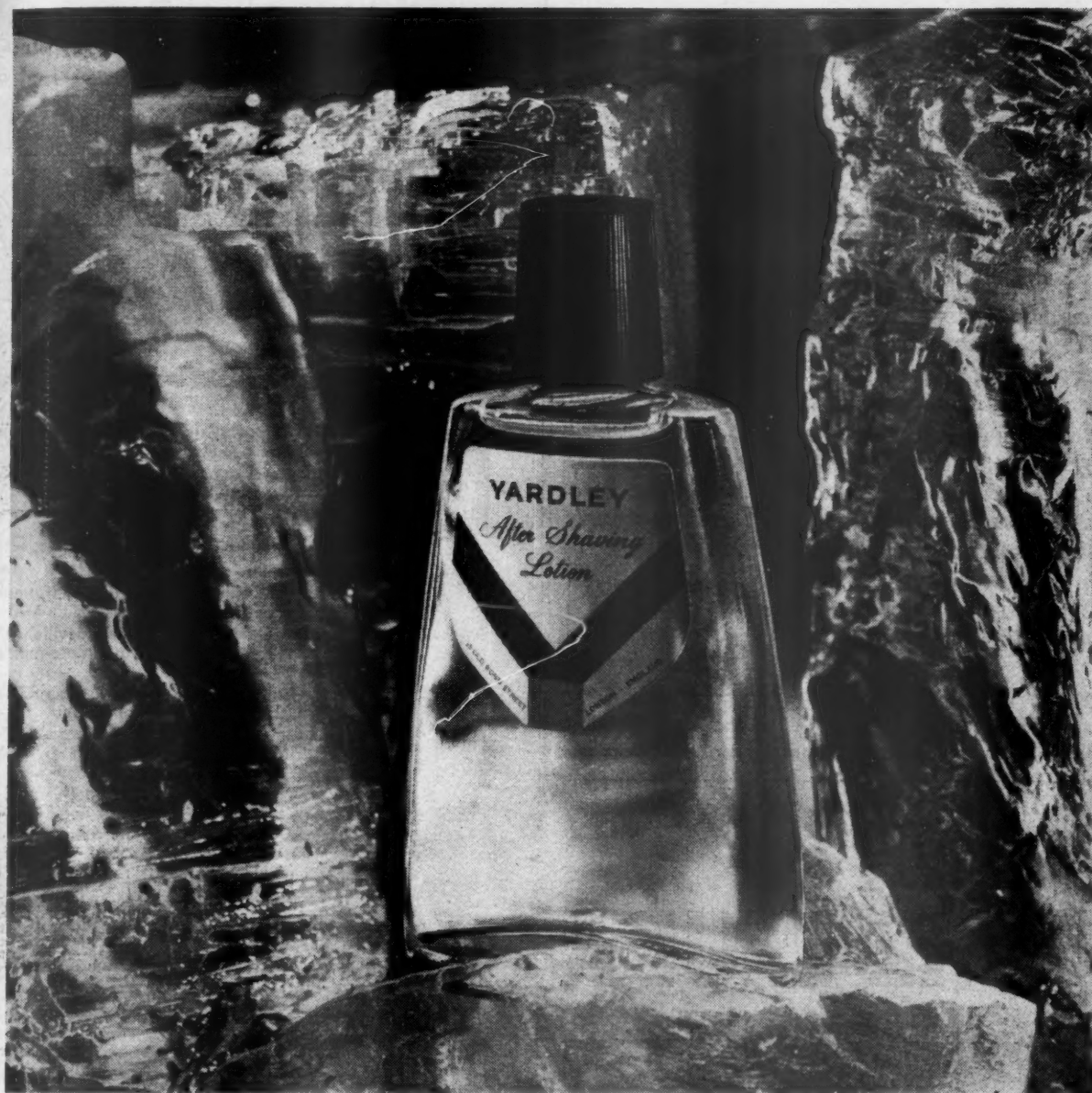
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THEATRE



Altona (Royal Court)—Heavy emotional melodrama by Sartre about neurotic Germans.

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—Old-model hearty comedy, funny in places.

And Another Thing (Fortune)—bright revue, above average.

The Bargain (St. Martin's)—Alistair Sim in form in comedy-thriller.

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—Albert Finney triumphs in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty.

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy.

The Caretaker (Duchess)—Harold Pinter follows brilliantly in footsteps of Samuel Beckett.

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley.

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna.

Flower Drum Song (Palace)—meandering Rodgers and Hammerstein musical on San Francisco's Chinatown.

The Gazebo (Savoy)—gruesome comedy that doesn't quite come off.

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production.

Henry IV, Pt. I (Old Vic)—disappointing Falstaff.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated.

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams.

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa.

The Miracle Worker (Royalty)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story.

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years wonder.

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production.

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical.

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. **Oliver!** (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*.

Ondine (Aldwych)—fairly tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry.

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue.

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter.

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted.

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production.

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence.

South (Lyric, Hammersmith)—interesting play with homosexual slant.

Sparrers Can't Sing (Wyndham's)—good acting in cockney slice of life.

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—Funny and touching drama in New York synagogue.

Turn Again, Whittington (Palladium)—spectacular pantomime.

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production.

The Wakefield Mystery Plays (Mermaid)—good production of fifteenth-century Bible documentary.

Watch it Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted.

West Side Story (Her Majesty's)—exciting dancing in American musical about juvenile gangs.

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in.

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable.

REP SELECTION

Citizens', Glasgow, **A Passage to India**, until May 13.

Everyman, Cheltenham, **Thieves' Carnival**, until May 13.

Theatre Royal, Windsor, **Dolphins Rampant**, until May 13.

Oldham Rep, **The Aspern Papers**, until May 6.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Il Bell' Antonio (Paris-Pullman)—Half-comic, half-serious Italian story with sexually impotent hero.

Ben-Hur (Empire)—The old faithful spectacular; chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Carmen Jones (Rialto)—Reissue of the lively ingenious modern adaptation of *Carmen*. (19/1/55)

La Dolce Vita (Curzon)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level as seen by a gossip-writer. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. (21/12/60)

The Greengage Summer (released)—Sad first love of young English girl in France; visual beauty, loads of charm. (19/4/61)

Mein Kampf (Continental)—Nazism from rise to fall. Uses film from many countries, including hitherto unpublished concentration-camp horrors. (19/4/61)

One Hundred and One Dalmatians (Studio One)—Full-length cartoon, Disney's best for years, from the book by Dodie Smith. (5/4/61)

Payroll (Plaza)—Big payroll robbery, from planning to nemesis; scene Newcastle. At first good; later pile-up of violence makes it absurd. (3/5/61)

Sanctuary (Carlton—ends May 3)—Nominally based on Faulkner; sex and violence in the South thirty years ago. (26/4/61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinerama in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir and Nepal, with Lowell Thomas's hearty commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with

CONTINUED ON PAGE XIII

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XI

Kirk Douglas as a gladiator: blood, violence and colour in the arena.

Taste of Fear (Berkeley)—Very artificial surprise-ending suspense story, poor man's Hitchcock. Helped by unusual speed of narration.

Very Important Person (Leicester Square)—Simple-hearted British comedy with James Robertson Justice in the schoolboyish atmosphere of a POW camp. (3/5/61)

The World of Apu (Academy)—Last of the Indian trilogy (1) *Pather Panchali*; (2) *The Unvanquished*, directed by Satyajit Ray: Apu married, bereaved, consoled. (12/4/61)

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. MAY 3, 7.30 pm, *Die Zauberflöte*, concert performance under Klemperer. MAY 4, 8 pm, Royal Philharmonic Orch. (cond. Skitch Henderson), Tamas Vasary (piano), popular programme. MAY 5, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (cond. Krips), George London (bass), Wagner-Bruckner. MAY 6, 6 pm, London Choral Society (cond. John Tobin) Handel's *Messiah*. MAY 7, 3 pm, Nicolai Gedda. 7.30 pm, Philharmonia Orch. (cond. Milton Katims), Gary Graffman (piano), Samuel Barber-Rachmaninov-Tchaikovsky. MAY 9, 8 pm, Pierre Fournier (cello). MAY 10, 8 pm, Berlin Radio Symphony Orch. (cond. Fricsay), Yehudi Menuhin (violin), Kodaly-Tchaikovsky-Beethoven.

Royal Albert Hall. MAY 5, 7.30 pm, London Philharmonic Orch. (cond. John Pritchard), Moiseiwitch (piano). MAY 7, 7.30 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Sargent), Rossini-Beethoven-Dvorak. MAY 9, 7.30 pm, repeat of May 5 concert.

Wigmore Hall. MAY 3, 7.30 pm, Harold Gray (bass). MAY 5, 7.30 pm, Alan Rowlands (piano). MAY 6, 3.00 pm, Theodor Lettvin (piano); 7.30 pm, Ruth Slenczynska (piano). MAY 8, 7.30 pm, Zoe Montanu (piano). MAY 9, 7.30 pm, Gabor Gabos (piano). MAY 10, 7.30 pm, Sylvia Zaremba (piano).

Royal Opera House. MAY 3, 7.30 pm, *Peter Grimes*. MAY 4, 7.30 pm, *Sleeping Beauty*. MAY 5, 7.00 pm, *Aida*. MAY 6, 7.30 pm, *Swan Lake*. MAY 8, 7.30 pm, *Coppelia*. MAY 9, 7.30 pm, *Sleeping Beauty*. MAY 10, 7.00 pm, *Falstaff*.

Sadler's Wells. Welsh National Opera Company. MAY 8, 7.00 pm, *The Battle* (Verdi). MAY 9, 7.00 pm, *Nabucco* (Verdi). MAY 10, 7.30 pm, *May Night* (Rimsky-Korsakov).

GALLERIES

Agnews. Drawings of Italy by Gasparo Vanvitelli (till Sat.). **Beaux Arts.** Paintings by Frank Auerbach. **Biggins.** Oils by Raymond Moretti. **Alfred Brod.** 17th-century Dutch and Flemish paintings. **Foyles.** Keith Sleeman paintings and drawings. **Fine Art Society.** Early English water-colours. **Gimpel Fils.** Recent paintings by Matta. **Grosvenor.** Collages by Lorri. **Koetser.** Dutch, Flemish and Italian old masters. **Leicester.** Mary Potter, Lawrence Toynbee, James MacBey. **Marlborough.** Kandinsky oils, water-colours and drawings. **Molton.** Sculpture by Turnbull (till Sat.). **New London.** Moholy-Nagy paintings, collages, sculpture. **RBA.** Robert G. D. Alexander, Arthur Segal. **Rowland**



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PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6294
May 3 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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Charivaria

IT has always been one of *Punch's* particular prides that we never allow advertisements to intrude on to the editorial pages. This week the editorial pages have gone one better and have intruded on to the advertising pages; on, to be precise, to pages x, xi, xiii and xvi, where for the first time we offer a brief guide to London entertainment under the title, filched from this feature, of "The London Charivari." From time to time we hope to include information about various other matters besides the plays, the films, the concerts, the art galleries and the shops dealt with this week; but you won't (for example) find directions for getting to the Cup Final. If we knew how to find our way into games of that calibre without making arrangements long weeks ahead, we should certainly not let anyone else know.

Cast Iron Duke

IDOLS fall, traditions crumble, legends decompose horribly. The Headmaster of Eton now tells us that what Wellington really said about the



playing-fields and Waterloo was that he learned his spirit of adventure jumping over the ditch at the bottom of the school matron's garden. All we want now is to hear that when he said "Up,

Guards, and at 'em," he was offering a highly impracticable answer to Queen Victoria's question about how to get the sparrows out of the Crystal Palace.

Revision

PERHAPS it isn't a bad thing in these days for national pride to be punctured now and then. This doesn't



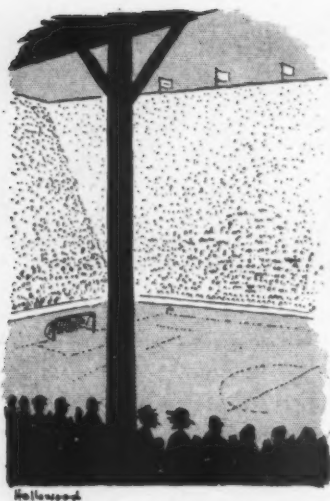
mean that Englishmen really welcomed the news that St. George had been officially demoted to a third-class saint: the corollary is that he only slew a third-class dragon.

Deutschland Über Alles

VISITORS from the German publishing industry seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves at the opening of the German book exhibition in the Festival Hall last week. Of course they had every reason to feel pleased with such an admirable display of their wares; but I like to think that their pleasure was partly due to their getting on so well with the old English publishing families of Heinemann, Gollancz, Weidenfeld, Muller, Warburg, Deutsch, Reinhardt, and the rest.

When in Rome

SIGNOR ANNIGONI is reported to have said that the Coca-Cola sign and New York skyline in his recent Crucifixion painting didn't show any anti-American feeling and that if the picture were shown in New York he



"Incidentally, did we ever do anything about that Census form we were supposed to fill in?"

might paint them out. This sensitivity to national pride could well complicate the international art market should it be taken up by other artists. For instance, Francis Bacon might have to paint the Archbishop of Canterbury over his horrific portraits of Popes before he could exhibit in Rome.

Anarchy on the Lawn

"**T**HOROUGH and far-reaching" revision of the laws of croquet is planned, and not before it was time. Too often have I heard an outclassed oldtimer reared on the $\frac{3}{16}$ in. thin wire hoop blaming his defeat on this new-fangled Davidson job of cast iron with legs $\frac{5}{16}$ in. thick, snarling at the "unsporting" use of the Elvey lift or blasting the so-called improvements of the clip game and the Whichelo game. "Might as well play the damn thing with flamingoes," these diehards mutter, sighing for the good old sequence game days, when you played blue, red, black, yellow, in that order, before this "either ball" nonsense set in.

Prospective Acknowledgments

THE custom seems to be growing of starting work on a book by simply writing a letter to the papers announcing what you are up to and then sitting back and waiting for stuff to pour in. Mr. Philip Toynbee has just edited a collection of sad essays by underdogs, and these he collected just by advertising for

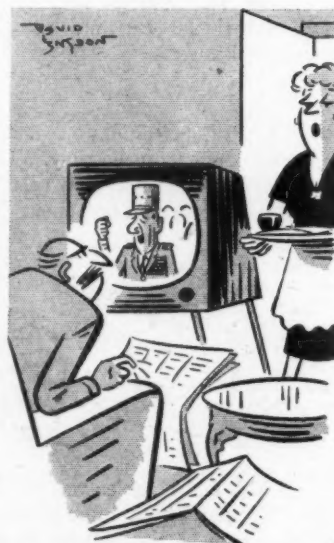
underdogs in correspondence columns. The other day I saw a letter that asked for any help readers were able to give; it did not even suggest what kind of help. Would anybody who has recently walked across the Sahara please send me full diaries? I might sometime feel like writing a travel book.

Smirk when you say that

HOW unattractive the mock-modest use of "happen" is. It seems to be spreading from conversation into the correspondence columns. The silliest example I remember is a man who said "I happen to be a Vicar's Warden." Yet how delightful a verb it can be in dialect: "Happen you know Vicar's Warden, mister, proper nitwit he be."

The Wages of Sin

I WONDER whether that Home Office working party which has been investigating ways to compensate victims of crime has considered the financial injustices which arise from the publication of criminals' confessions in the Sunday papers. How much more equitable if the fee of £10,000 or so were split thus: 80 per cent to the victim or victims; 10 per cent to the Exchequer (to defray cost of trial); and 10 per cent to be split between the criminal and his hack. Instead of that humbugging excuse "I am telling this story as a warning to the easy-money generation," the repentant one could say "I am



"Well, how does our fortnight's booking at Cannes look now?"

In Next Wednesday's

Punch

SPROD

at the

Royal Academy

Two pages of drawings

writing this story in order to bring a little happiness to those I have wronged." All we need is a private Member's Bill.

The Challenge

REMEMBER that WRAC recruiting advertisement which showed a woman officer liaising affably with two handsome male officers, one kilted and the other in American uniform? And that earlier effort depicting a woman officer in tropical drill answering the telephone for a euphetic-looking chairborne officer who watches her with a fatherly smile? (One or two observers thought his smile was more than fatherly, but *honi soit*.) Well, the latest WRAC recruiting appeal shows no men at all. Camaraderie is out. Instead we have the stern challenge: "2,000 girls failed: can you succeed?" I can only pray that this is just the time to stampede our young women into applying for commissions. If it isn't the War Office could try reversing the challenge: "2,000 girls succeeded: how could you fail?"

Anyone Got a Laotian Grammar?

LEADER-writers are hard enough pushed to maintain a judicious poise between far-flung factions whose names they were not sure how to spell before they sent for the cuttings, without this new *Daily Mirror* complication of setting the article first in English and then in the language of the country concerned. In this first example, France, it was obvious enough that *Tenez bon derrière de Gaulle* was good idiomatic stuff for "Stand fast behind de Gaulle," but words will have to be weighed with more care in the case of, say, South Burma, where the Kawthoolie (illegal Karen state) embassy are on tiptoe for a chance to sneer at ludicrous misuses of the subjunctive in language acceptable to Thakin Than Tun's Communists, let alone the All Burma National League or the Karenni Progressives.

—MR. PUNCH



"Tiptoe through the Tulips"

A Churchman's opinion
of Betting



GAMBLING

THE ETHICAL POINT OF VIEW By the Bishop of Guildford

WHAT'S wrong with having a bob on the Derby?" "Why shouldn't Aunty do her pools—it keeps her happy?" "Isn't it ridiculous, our local vicar won't allow raffles!" "If you have half a crown on a game it makes it more exciting." "Look at the Stock Exchange—there's gambling for you. After all, life's just a gamble. And life insurance too. I bet the insurance company that I shall die after a certain date."

This sort of sentiment, expressed with varying degrees of heat, is normally the limit of mental strife to which a member of the British Public is prepared to go when the subject of gambling is raised.

We need not distinguish here between betting and gambling; they are essentially the same.

Before anyone gets too hot under the collar—especially "church people"—it is well to remember that games of chance are as old as civilization or older. The Egyptians used knuckle bones, and the Minoans of Crete gaming tables, some 3,500 years ago. Gambling implements have been found in the tombs of the early Christians and the Councils of the Church forbade the clergy to play for money. Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans were so mad over the dice box that they would gamble away even their personal freedom.

In the reign of Henry VIII certain "new and crafty games, including dice, cards and bowls" were forbidden to the working classes, apparently because they interfered with the practice of archery. Lotteries were made illegal at the end of the seventeenth century and legislation against betting has been introduced since then with varying reasons advanced in its defence.

The Very Rev. G. E. REINDORP, Bishop of Guildford, was a naval chaplain during the war. He married a doctor's daughter in Durban, who also became a doctor and has worked at clinics in Westminster, Deptford and Lewisham. Dr. Reindorp's special interests are religious broadcasting and marriage guidance.

The comparison with life insurance is not fair. The object of insurance is not to increase risk but to counteract the inevitable uncertainty of life by spreading the risk over a large number of persons. Some of the operations on the Stock Exchange are a species of gambling and are very often called by that name. But a high rate of interest is properly regarded as partly insurance. So many undertakings fail that no one would risk his money in industrial enterprises unless he could expect more than the normal rate of interest if the enterprise succeeds.

Any discussion of the ethics of gambling requires a clear distinction between the results of gambling, the effect on the gambler be he loser or winner, and whether gambling is wrong in principle.

The moral value of an act, positive or negative, lies always in personality, that of the agent and that of anyone affected by his act. It has to be tested by asking about the character expressed in the act, the principle involved, and the consequences resulting from the act.

If I stab my wife to death, it is not the mere brandishing and striking with the knife which is evil; it is the death of a woman (unless I act in self-defence) and the intention to hurt or kill. Thus the phrase that this or that act is "wrong in itself" is really meaningless. What is really meant is that the person who does that sort of act is a person of evil character.

In this sense gambling is clearly not wrong in itself. It is absurd to allege, as is far too often glibly done by opponents of gambling, that anyone who gambles is of evil character. Anyone who suggests that when Aunty does her pools or flutters on the Derby in her Cromwell Road hotel she is therefore of evil character, is talking through a hat as opaque, though not as attractive, as Aunty's normal floral headgear. For although she may not be renowned for heroic virtue or spectacular vice she is clearly of a high moral character and an example to her relations and friends.

But this innocence of the agent does not prove the innocence of the act. Acts are right or wrong quite independently of anyone judging them. Their moral value, as we have seen, resides in the character that prompts them and the social consequences involved in them. To say of an act done "my conscience is quite clear" sounds smug and satisfactory. It does not by any means follow that the speaker's conscience ought to be clear. It may simply show that the speaker's conscience is sadly unenlightened.

Consider the consequences involved in the act of gambling.

A wrong sense of values is created and stimulated. The idea of wealth is divorced from work. Getting money anyhow or somehow is encouraged. True, a man may get reasonably good pay for his work but how little it seems compared with that persistent hope of the big win which will ensure the end of the need to work at all.

Listen to someone who could scarcely be styled a killjoy, Mr. J. B. Priestley, reporting on industrial conditions in

North-East England: gambling tends "to create a world of trumpery and rotten values. It diminishes instead of enlarging personality. It makes spivs instead of good citizens. It encourages people to see life in terms of easy money and silly spending instead of terms of hard, useful work and zestful absorbing play."

Second, gambling encourages a something-for-nothing attitude.

Through the door of the nation's homes come enticements efficiently and attractively produced to get easy money, something for nothing.

Third, the attention, concentration and interest of the gambler is distracted from more worth-while matters. Thus the consequences of gambling are harmful; and as grown up people are responsible individually and collectively for what happens to young people it may fairly be asked what quality of young people of to-morrow the citizens of to-day really intend to encourage.

At this point the "everything in moderation" argument makes its attractive bow. "Surely," says someone, "although I quite agree that excessive gambling, or drinking for that matter, is bad, a little flutter, or a few shillings here and there can't do any harm to anyone. And if I want to gamble that's *my* affair."

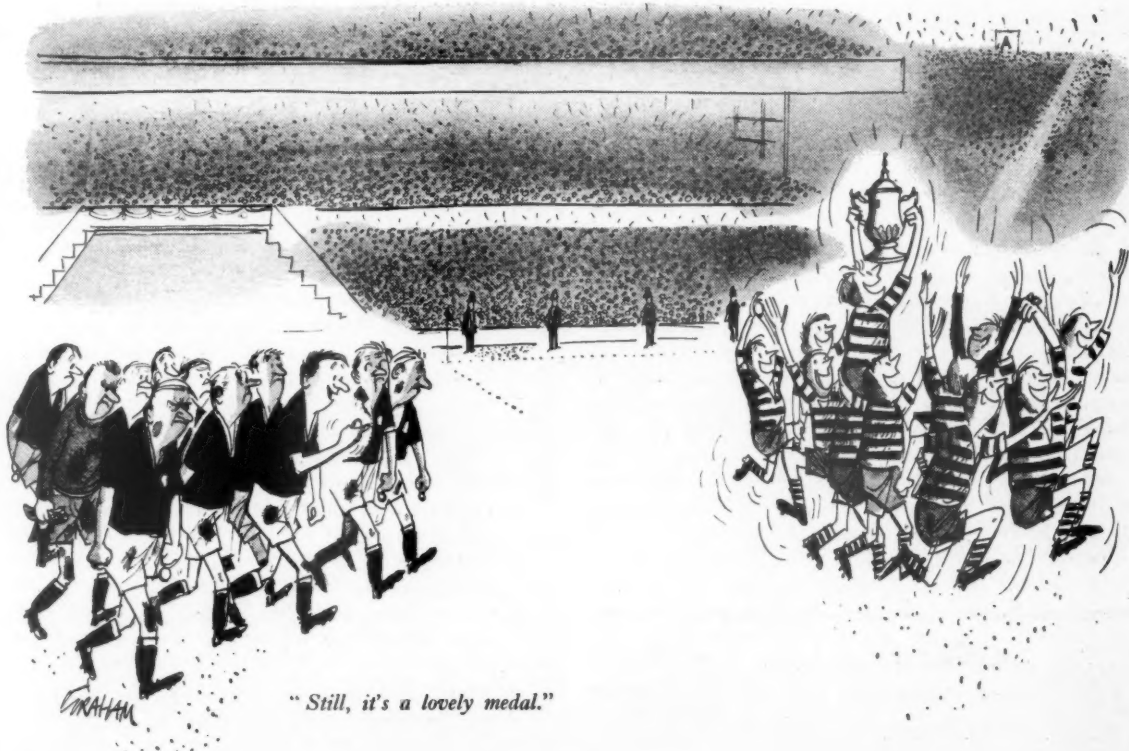
Here the Christian and the non-Christian must part company. There is a clear Christian obligation towards his fellow man not only in work and society—which is more easily recognizable—but also in amusements. To take your

own pleasure in a way, however moderate, that helps to encourage your neighbour in a pursuit that is noxious is evil. For you repudiate your responsibility for your own influence. It may well be that *you* could pursue this pleasure in moderation. There is no guarantee that he can; and there is much to suggest the contrary. So far from judging him you do all in your power to prevent him from being exposed to the temptation of which you are wholly aware and of the insidious and prevalent nature of which you are only too conscious.

A Christian believes that wealth ought to be distributed in accordance with need, service rendered or service expected. A Christian does not believe that wealth should be distributed in accordance with chance. Gambling distributes it in just that way.

We have seen that it is bad for the winner who is encouraged to live idly; it is bad for society within which such wealth is wrongly distributed on a wrong principle; it is bad for the loser and the argument for moderation cannot obtain for a Christian. The Christian view has never been better summed up than by William Temple in 1923:

"Gambling challenges that view of life which the Christian Church exists to uphold and extend. Its glorification of mere chance is a denial of the Divine order of nature. To risk money haphazard is to disregard the insistence of the Church in every age of living faith that possessions are a trust, and that men must account to God for their use. The persistent appeal to covetousness is fundamentally opposed





to the unselfishness which was taught by Jesus Christ and by the New Testament as a whole. The attempt (inseparable from gambling) to make profit out of the inevitable loss and possible suffering of others is the antithesis of that love of one's neighbour on which our Lord insisted."

But the matter cannot be left there. Many Christians live in too conspicuous a glasshouse to start throwing stones. The Church should repudiate all forms of gambling for the raising of money for Church purposes. Less time should be spent on inveighing against gambling and more time spent on devising remedies for the dullness, monotony and lack of excitement which are the lot of so many and the causes of the gambling craze which is too universal and tenacious to merit only that name.

A man's rank in the scale of being is determined by the things he loves and is interested in. It is the Church's job to see that people love and are interested in those values which have the hallmark of Christ.



Further contributors:

LORD KINROSS

PAUL FERRIS



I Weep for Adonais

(John Keats tries to revise a sonnet after reading up on the new men in Astronomy because Sir Charles P. Snow has exposed him at a literary cocktail party as a boob who can't explain the Second Law of Thermodynamics.)

BRIGHT star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
 ("A neat beginning, but it could be wrong:
 Who knows when this night's twinkle had its start?
 It may not be there now, it's been so long.")

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou wert—
 ("If it was steadfast. Can't be sure of that.
 From reading Hoyle I think it wouldn't hurt,
 But Ryle says Hoyle is talking through his hat.")

Bright star, would I were— ("Darn the adjective,
 And curses on that lecturer who says
 I need more science. Once a bard could live
 Who didn't know Balboa from Cortez.")

Bright star— 'Now Fanny, don't go! Please, Miss Brawne!
 Leaving me here unpillowed. Damn, it's dawn!'

— W. W. WATT

The Beeching Factor

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

MY old father gave us only one piece of real advice. We would assemble, all fifteen of us, in our dressing-gowns and slippers, our mugs of steaming cocoa at the ready, he would pace round the study until we were distributed to his satisfaction on the brightly-polished lino, and then he would read us some uplifting chapter from *Wisden*.

"Take it from me," he would say, flattening the limp covers with his palm, "what this country needs is exports. Promise me, the lot of you, that when the time comes for you to seek gainful employment you will get into some job connected with overseas trade. You'll find that a grateful country will reward you well for your services." And, of course, he was right. Most of us took his advice and prospered, and the idiots who didn't take his advice—Lucas, Robert and Maximilian spring to mind—have lived to regret their filial disobedience.

Because Britain is an overcrowded island without rich natural resources ("A lump of coal completely surrounded by fish," said Nye Bevan) it can survive only by exporting the skill and industry of its people. So successive Governments continue to make this a land fit for exporters to live in. Exporters are the élite of our working population and it is for them that such creature comforts as expense accounts, nude shows, surtax concessions, golden handshakes and the rest were invented. And why not?

When you come to think of it we owe everything to our exporters. Without them we should be lost. Compare the vital rôle of the exporter in the nation's economy with that of other workers and you'll see what I mean:

Doctors and nurses waste a lot of their time looking after the health of people who are not exporters—teachers, transport workers, farmers, for example.

Teachers teach all kinds of subjects that are quite useless to the export drive.

Transport workers carry goods that may have nothing to do with our overseas trade.

Farmers grow food to feed people other than exporters.

Journalists dissipate their energies by commenting on certain matters that have no relevance to the export problem.

Policemen do not work full-time preventing the theft of export goods.

Exporters, on the other hand, are completely dedicated. Not for them the luxury of work unconnected with the balance of payments; not for them the joys of mining or muck-spreading, the communal excitement of the operating theatre or the stimulating daily encounter with the minds of our schoolchildren. They are selfless and zealous, and must therefore be adequately provided for.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has pointed out that our younger exporters would emigrate unless their differentials were bonny enough to command respect. It is not of course that they lack the loyalty of other working groups, that they are less patriotic or anything: it is merely that through their training they have acquired an *instinct* to export, so that if they feel in any way frustrated in their efforts to help their country they are apt to export *themselves*.

Exporting is an exhausting business. You see, exporting is impossible without some contact with foreigners, such as Frenchmen, Brazilians and Arabs, and foreigners can be very difficult customers. People who know them merely



"Who arrives? British soccer player?"



as the natives one meets on holiday abroad can have little idea of the nature of foreigners. They are by no means the same picturesque characters encountered on the beach at Cannes or the Costa Brava, lying half-naked, bronzed, reasonably fit and apparently easy-going if not indolent: on the contrary, to exporters they are unanimously shrewd, insolent and demanding. When they become importers of British goods foreigners are revealed in their true colours, and woe betide the poor exporter who is so insecure financially that he has to kowtow to them. Sometimes foreigners out of pique or native stupidity will reveal a preference for the price or quality of some *other* exporter, and it is the devil's own job to convince them then that they are being foreign, unBritish and unkind. It is not the easiest thing in the world to discover which brand of scent a potential importer's wife prefers, whether she smokes or likes shows such as *Irma La Douce* and *Fings*. An exporter may have to attend the same strip-show night after night if he happens to be entertaining a bunch of foreign importers, or

he may be driven almost insane by a repetitive intake of smoked salmon, steak Diane and crêpes Suzettes.

Some foreigners even go to the lengths of criticizing the *design* of the exporter's goods—the actual shape, texture or function—and then it is pretty hard, I can tell you, for an exporter to keep a civil tongue in his head.

Another of the exporter's trials is that his work takes him very often out of the office, and this, particularly for junior executives, means additional expense and grave risk to his chances of promotion. While he is away, at some show, on the high seas or dumped in some odious luxury hotel abroad, he can be quite sure that someone at home, behind his back, is scheming to ease him out of that promised directorship. And unless he is very clever indeed, or has a very clever wife, the chances are that his managing director will forget his very existence.

Certainly, all things considered, the exporter deserves every scrap of preferential treatment he can win from the Government.

My brother Max (I mentioned him earlier, I think) rejected my father's advice and became a schoolmaster. He is now desperately unhappy, as I think this extract from a recent letter quietly demonstrates:

"... There are times, my dear brother, when I am overtaken by an acute sense of unworthiness, when my life's work seems pointless and futile. Oh, I enjoy it all, I suppose—knocking sense into the nogginns of the young and celebrating gaily through most of my waking hours. I even try to justify my existence by lying to myself about the value of my work, by pretending that the training of Britain's youth is in some remote fashion connected with the export drive. But deep down, of course, I realize that my work is parasitical, that I do nothing to improve our glorious nation's economic position. Need I tell you that the thought of suicide is often in my mind, and need I tell you that I am too miserable a coward even to translate national duty into factual demonstration..."

He did not, of course, mention my father.



Our Man in America

Ruthless exposures by P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE impression left on the mind when one reads in the papers of the local rules and regulations in force all over the country is that life in America can be very difficult. In Rumford, Maine, for instance, it is illegal for a tenant to bite his landlord, while in Youngstown, Ohio, stiff sentences are passed on those who ride on the roofs of taxicabs. In Nogales, Arizona, there is an ordinance prohibiting the wearing of braces, and in Dunn, South Carolina, unless you have the permission of the head mistress, a permission very sparingly granted, it is unlawful to "act in an obnoxious manner on the campus of a girls' school."

You hardly know where to live in America these days, especially if you are a woman. Go to Owensboro, Kentucky, and you get jerked before a tribunal for buying a new hat without having your husband try it on first, while if you decide on Carmel, California, you find you are not allowed to take a bath in a business office, the one thing all women want to do on settling down in a new community. For men probably the spot to be avoided with the greatest care is Norton, Virginia, where "it is illegal to tickle a girl." They would be far better off in Logan, Nebraska, for there the law forbids a housewife to move the furniture in her home without the consent of her husband.

We have always felt instinctively that there was something fishy about that man South, who appears in the Bridge problems contributed by Charles Goren, America's leading expert at the game, to the daily papers. He always deals, and generally goes six No Trumps and makes them. The reason rebelled at the idea of a player holding such cards so often, and it seemed to us that those words "South deals" told the story. We were right. In a recent game, partnered with his old Narkover chum North against East and West, probably

two young fellows from the country whom he had picked up in a bar, he overreached himself and stands revealed as a crook of the first order. He dealt himself fourteen cards—in itself a low trick—and they included these Spades:

Ace, King, Six, Two
while to North he dealt Spades as follows:

Ace, Queen, Ten, Nine
"Seem to be quite a lot of aces of Spades in this pack," said East, a little puzzled. "Yes, I noticed that, too," said South genially. "Very odd. Still, that's Life."

If South ever asks us to let him take our wallet round the block to show our confidence in him, he will meet with a firm *nolle prosequi*. You should be more careful of the sort of people you mix with, Goren.

Although there is nothing, from The Book Of Job to Kant's *Critique Of Pure Reason*, that the Broadway boys won't turn into a musical these days, it came as something of a shock to read in the theatre column that they are going to musicalize Sherlock Holmes, and one wondered just how they would handle it. One can see the opening number—Solo: Holmes, with chorus of Scotland Yard Bunglers, and possibly a duet with Watson early in Act One ("This Is Human Gore"), but after that, what?

Being the star, Holmes will presumably carry the main love interest, and one knows what these main love interests involve—at least three of those beastly squashy sentimental songs in



each act, with probably a tap dance thrown in. One shrinks from the thought of seeing a man one has revered from boyhood singing something like "Roses and Moonlight and You" down the back of the heroine's neck. What we all liked so much about Sherlock Holmes was his austere attitude in the matter of girls. He would allow them to call at Baker Street and tell him about the peculiar behaviour of their uncles or stepfathers . . . at a pinch he might even let them marry Watson . . . but once the story was under way they had to retire into the background and stay there. And now this. It would not be putting it too strongly to say that one looks askance.

The subject of Beauty Contest awards has come up in one of the morning papers, and it gives the judicious a jolt to realize how widely spread the evil has become. At this moment, it appears, we have with us, to name but a few, Miss Long Island Duckling, Miss Dill Pickle, Miss Bazooka Bubblegum, Miss Cuckoo Bird of 1956 and Miss Upswept Hairdo. The crowning of the last-named, by the way, was marred by an unfortunate incident. The returns were in and the photographers were busily photographing her, when she curtsied to the judges

and lost her upswept hairdo. Few laughed more heartily than Miss Hot Dog on Rye of 1959 and Miss Brushless Shaving Cream of 1960, who had entered for the contest and been defeated, but the sponsors viewed the episode with a certain amount of concern and have not really been the same men since.

"Had we but known" about sums up the meditations of Robert Lee and Robert Gordon, two young fellows of Denver, Colorado, who were trying to get along by sticking up liquor stores. It seems that when novices are making their start in the sticking-up-liquor-stores industry, kindly old hands tell

them that the first thing to do after exhibiting your gun is to say "Lay down on the floor" to the man behind the counter. They did this, and David Wareham, whom they were addressing, dived floorwards like a performing seal. Unfortunately he landed squarely on top of the robbery alarm button, with the result that a few minutes later both Roberts were scooped in by the police and are unlikely to be around till well into 1963.

☆

"Others of the 630 pilgrims will reach Exeter on Friday and Saturday by canoeing up the Exe in a vintage motor-coach and steam traction engine."—*Daily Express*
Any peas in their shoes?

Ballade of an All But Total Disillusion

Telephone calls can now be made from Britain to almost all parts of Tahiti.—News item.

THE headlines leave a taste distinctly bitter—
Like TONGUES ARE WHISPERING IN STREET OF DREAD,
And GILTS' NEW LOW and WIFE CITES BABY-SITTER,
And WHAT I SAW IN CLUB, BY PC FRED,
And 69 AND 17 TO WED,
And such-like items from the day's *graffiti*.
But do not lift the pistol to your head—
To-day we can make phone calls to Tahiti.

Here, in our drip-dry world of din and litter,
The tics are ticking and the nerve-ends shred.
Our daughters' eyelids have a fish-like glitter;
One quite agrees they would be better dead
Than reading about gamekeepers in bed.
And why must models look like Nefertiti?
Don't let it get you down. As I have said,
To-day we can make phone calls to Tahiti.

We orbit not. Our jails are all a-jitter.
Our troops buy out. We make appalling bread.
Our export efforts raise a general titter,
And Selwyn, braking, cries "Full speed ahead!"
And half our sportsmen have got feet of lead,
And puppies bark for Snash because it's m-e-a-t-y.
Forget it, shall we? And reflect, instead,
To-day we can make phone calls to Tahiti.

Prince, if you're tired (like me) of being fed
By AA spokesmen, I make this entreaty:
Think of a palm tree and a strand, blood-red.
To-day we can make phone calls to Tahiti.

— E. S. TURNER





"Second pew left, end of row—talent scout from King's College Chapel."

Misleading Cases: Regina v. Strool

By A. P. H.

AT the Old Bailey to-day, before Mr. Justice Grail, Sir Luke Lintel, QC, opened the case for the defence in the sensational trial for bigamy of Reginald Strool, 43, commercial traveller. There were many dramatic exchanges between Court and counsel.

SIR LUKE: My Lord, the fact is, my unfortunate client has a schizoid condition.

THE COURT: A what, Sir Luke?

SIR LUKE: Schizophrenia, my Lord.

THE COURT: You don't have to shout, Sir Luke. I can hear you clearly—when you use clear language. You mean a split mind?

SIR LUKE: Yes, my Lord.

THE COURT: But don't we all?

SIR LUKE: My Lord?

THE COURT: One morning I travel to court with the keenest interest and zest. The next I detest the thought of administering justice, and would much prefer to stay at home.

SIR LUKE: Yes, my Lord, but on the second day you do in fact attend the court and discharge your duties. Your responsibility is unimpaired. The prisoner's sense of duty, as will be shown in evidence, has dwindled to the verge of disappearance; and therefore he is not accountable for his actions.

THE COURT: I could easily allow my sense of duty to dwindle.

SIR LUKE: With great respect, my Lord, I doubt it. Your Lordship's case-history, I dare to hope, is very different. When the prisoner was nine, my Lord, his father locked him in a dark cupboard for three-quarters of an hour.

THE COURT: Good gracious! What was the offence?

SIR LUKE: Putting the cat in the coal-box.

THE COURT: Ha! "The punishment fits the crime."

SIR LUKE: Maybe, my Lord, but it was a traumatic experience which, as you

will hear from the medical evidence, was of lasting effect. My Lord, the prisoner's ambivalent relations with his father led to a fixation on the mother, who took his part.

THE COURT: You mean he was fond of Mum? Very proper. So am I.

SIR LUKE: It is not quite so simple as that. My Lord, you may have heard of the Oedipus complex?

THE COURT: I have. I seem to remember that Oedipus, when he heard the bad news, put out his own eyes. Does your client ever feel impelled to do that?

SIR LUKE: Not so far as is known, my Lord.

THE COURT: Very well. But in 1956 this man married Lily Somebody and in 1958 he married Henrietta Somebody Else. What has Oedipus to do with that?

SIR LUKE: My Lord, there was a psychosomatic lesion—

THE COURT: Caused by the cupboard?

SIR LUKE: Yes, my Lord—and other episodes—a deep-seated lesion. And the result, in a sense, I am instructed, is that every woman stands in place

of the mother. He feels the need for comfort and protection. All women are mother-surrogates.

THE COURT: Yes, yes, but he can't marry them all. Doesn't he know that it's wrong to marry two women?

SIR LUKE: Yes—and no, my Lord. Psychodynamically, no. My Lord, as the evidence will show, before he married Henrietta something told him that it was wrong. But forces that he was quite unable to resist impelled, indeed, compelled him to go through with it.

THE COURT: What forces?

SIR LUKE: First, there was the transferred son-to-mother urge which I mentioned before—a trend to the female, *gynaecophilia*, my Lord.

THE COURT: Oh, yes, I remember that.

SIR LUKE: Secondly, my Lord, when at school, the prisoner was regarded as effeminate by his companions, a "sissy," my Lord, in schoolboy language. His first marriage was, no doubt, a psychical response to the challenge, a subconscious expression of the schoolboy's retort of triumph, my Lord, "Sucks to you." But it

was insufficient: remnants of the old guilt-anxiety and inferiority-feeling subsisted, and these reinforced the urge to marry again.

THE COURT: My sacred aunt!

SIR LUKE: I beg your pardon, my Lord?

THE COURT: Nothing. Proceed.

SIR LUKE: If your Lordship pleases.

Thirdly, my Lord, my client suffers from indelible delusions. He believes that he has lived before—a very common form of mental maladjustment.

THE COURT: Oh, yes, I knew a charming old gentleman who was convinced that he had been Lord Nelson.

SIR LUKE: Very apt, my Lord. But in this case there is a novel feature. The prisoner has been not one but many persons; and these persons belong to two distinct homogeneous categories, which are diametrically opposed in character. Sometimes, my Lord, he is Lord Byron or Casanova. At others he is Mr. Gladstone—

THE COURT: Poor chap.

SIR LUKE:—George Washington, St. Francis of Assisi, and others. On every important occasion, he says, he can hear the two sides debating in his brain what his conduct ought to be: and if, for example, Lord Byron triumphs in a dispute with Mr. Gladstone it is physically impossible for him to resist Lord Byron's advice.

THE COURT: You are doing very well, Sir Luke. But would not all this come better from the prisoner?

SIR LUKE: My Lord, the medical evidence will fully support what I have said. But I do not propose to put my client in the box.

THE COURT: Oh? Well, no doubt you know best.

SIR LUKE: My Lord, the reason is very simple. My client, it is clear, is possessed of two distinct personalities. One of these, in common parlance, has a better "character" than the other. One, that is, is more likely to adhere strictly to the truth than the other. But, my Lord, no one can tell—certainly not my client—which of those two, at any given moment, is likely to be dominant. Indeed, the evidence suggests that at times they change places on the stage, at very short intervals. I should not therefore care to take the risk of putting



"Sign it 'Animal Lover.'"

in the box a witness who might well be capable, though without wrongful intent, of erroneous testimony.

THE COURT: Very well. What are your client's relations with his wives?

SIR LUKE: Significantly ambivalent, my Lord.

THE COURT: What is the meaning of that pestilent word?

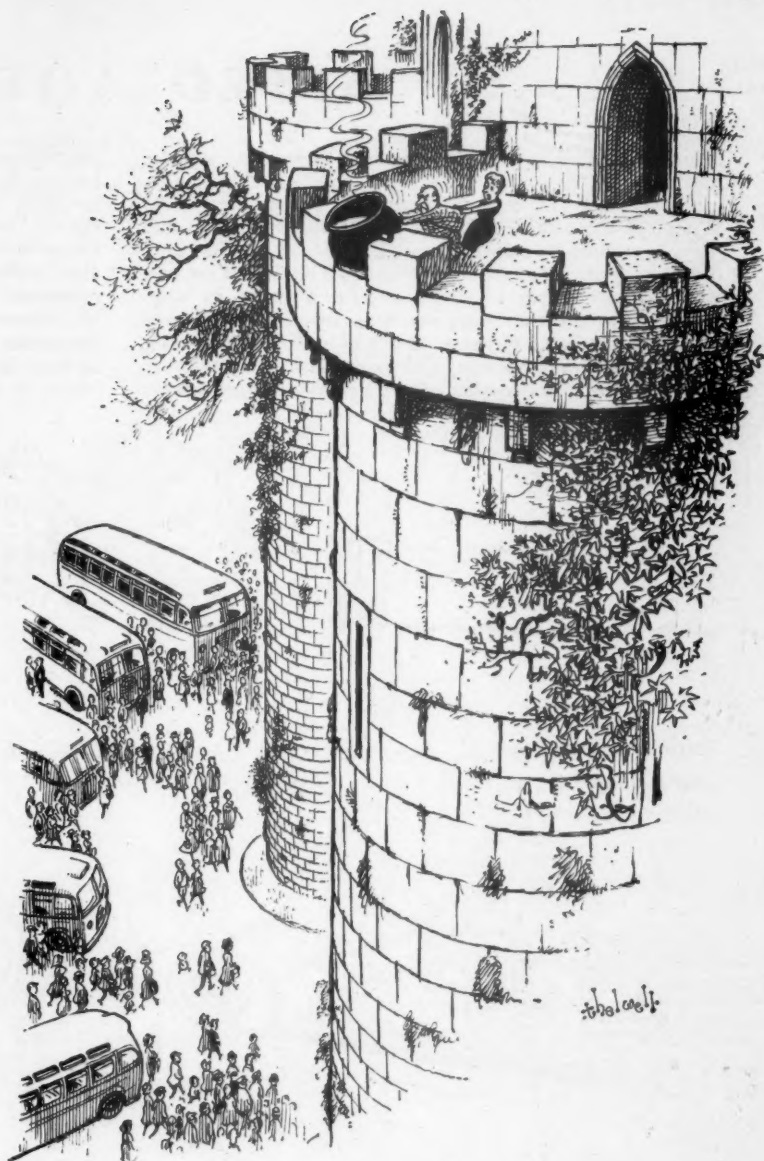
SIR LUKE: "Having two values," my Lord, like a pink gin at the "Crown and Anchor" and a pink gin at the Savoy Hotel. In the field of mental therapy it was used by the famous Swiss psychiatrist Bleuler to designate alternate feelings of love and hate for the same person. Stekel preferred the term "bipolarity." My Lord, one day the prisoner is buying flowers for Lily's birthday, the next he may be bitterly abusing her: one day, with Henrietta, he is dutifully washing-up, the next he smashes the crockery. Fortunately, because of his occupation, he is seldom in the same house for many days. Lily is established in the South of England, Henrietta in the North. It often happens, my Lord, that a period of hate for Henrietta coincides with one of love for Lily, and vice versa. So, in practice, at least, the happiness of the two wives is well served by the present arrangements. But here again the bilateral pattern of the personality is exhibited. Call Dr. Frogg.

DR. SILAS FROGG said: I have examined the prisoner in his cell on sixteen occasions. It is a classic case of phrenetic fission. There is a multiple psychosis, my Lord, precipitated by cumulative traumata—father-repugnance—mother-imago, transferred—derision reaction—and bifocal hallucination. My Lord, under the Word Association Test—

THE COURT: What is that?

DR. FROGG: The patient is asked to give the first spontaneous thought associated with a particular stimulus-word. The answers are often revealing to the trained inquirer. But this man invariably gave *two* answers instead of one, a symptom-expression of a cleavage even at the subconscious level. To the word "*mother*," for example, he replied "*love*" and "*cow*," to the word "*wife*" "*one*" and "*two*"—

THE COURT: You say, Doctor, that



"Henry! Please! They're our bread and butter."

the prisoner has two personalities?

DR. FROGG: Yes, my Lord. There is a psychocerebral caesura, a bisection of the ego, a—

THE COURT: And therefore he is entitled to have two wives?

DR. FROGG: I do not say that, my Lord. But he has, I am sure, a dominating delusion fantasy that he is.

THE COURT: I have an irresistible luncheon fantasy. The court will adjourn—for two or three days.

The hearing was adjourned.

Scoop

Hollywood definition of a psychiatrist: "Someone who watches everyone else when Brigitte Bardot walks into a room."

Roderick Mann, *Sunday Express*, April 16, 1961.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST

The psychologist
Is the man who,
When a good-looking girl enters the room,

Watches
Everybody else.

Richard Mallett, "*Translations from the Ish*," *Punch*, March 5, 1947.

SPEED AHEAD!

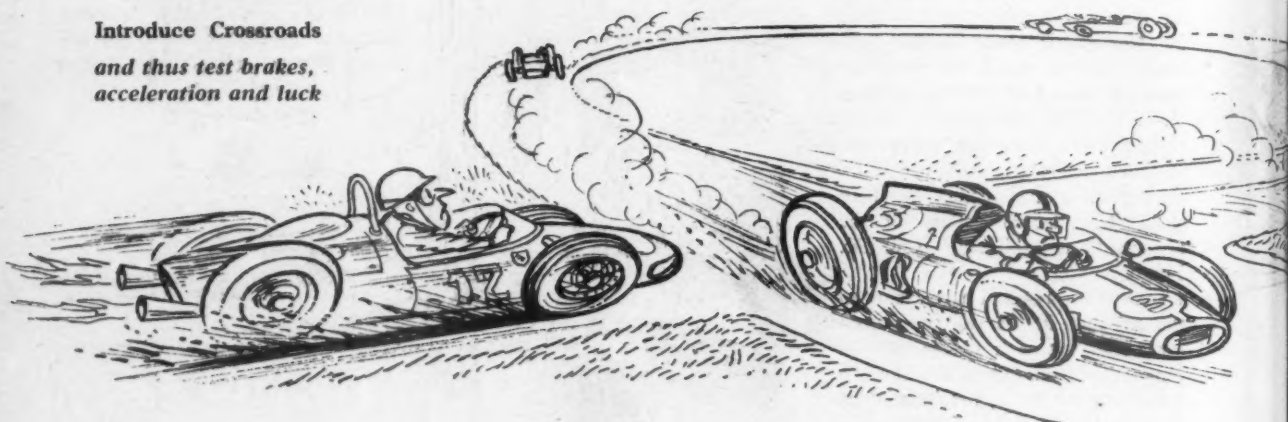
The international body governing motor racing has decided for the umpteenth time that Grand Prix cars are going too fast and so has reduced engine capacity from 2½ litres capacity to 1½. By simple arithmetic this should reduce maximum speed from 180 to 108 mph, but the ingenuity of racing designers is such that anyone at Monaco on May 14 can prove for himself, by stopwatch, that the new cars are only fractionally slower than last year's, and by next year will be faster than ever. The International Sporting Commission having patently failed again, it is time for a fresh approach from a body

not obsessed with reductions in engine capacity and having no foreigners among its members. The *Punch* Sporting Commission has a plan which will effectively outwit racing car designers for all time, yet will increase the excitement for drivers and spectators alike. Our preliminary investigations revealed that everyone connected with racing avowed that the purpose of it was to improve the cars you and I will buy in future. Logic therefore demands that racing cars be put to tests such as our cars and ourselves have to meet. Like all great ideas, it is simplicity itself.

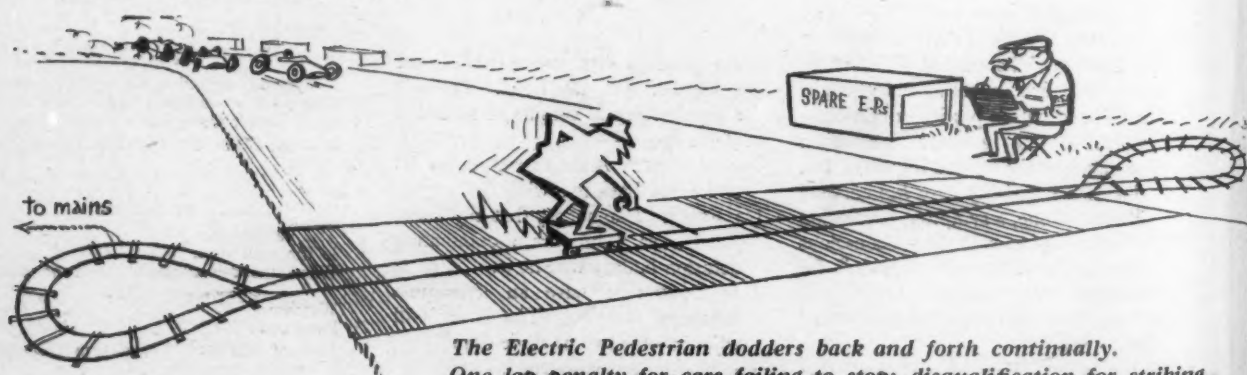
Abolish the Pits



Introduce Crossroads
and thus test brakes,
acceleration and luck



Introduce Pedestrian Crossings

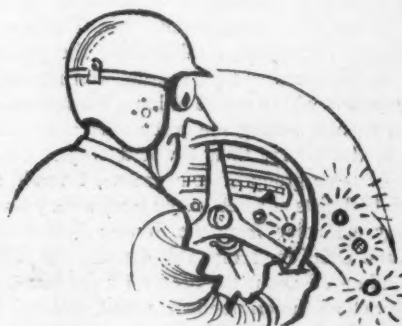
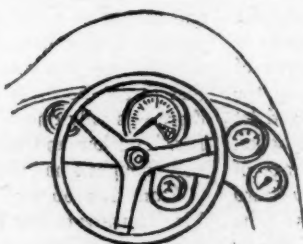
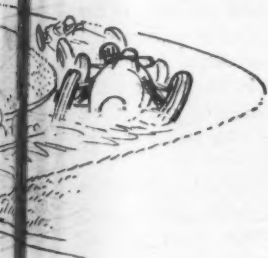


The Electric Pedestrian dodders back and forth continually.
One lap penalty for cars failing to stop: disqualification for striking

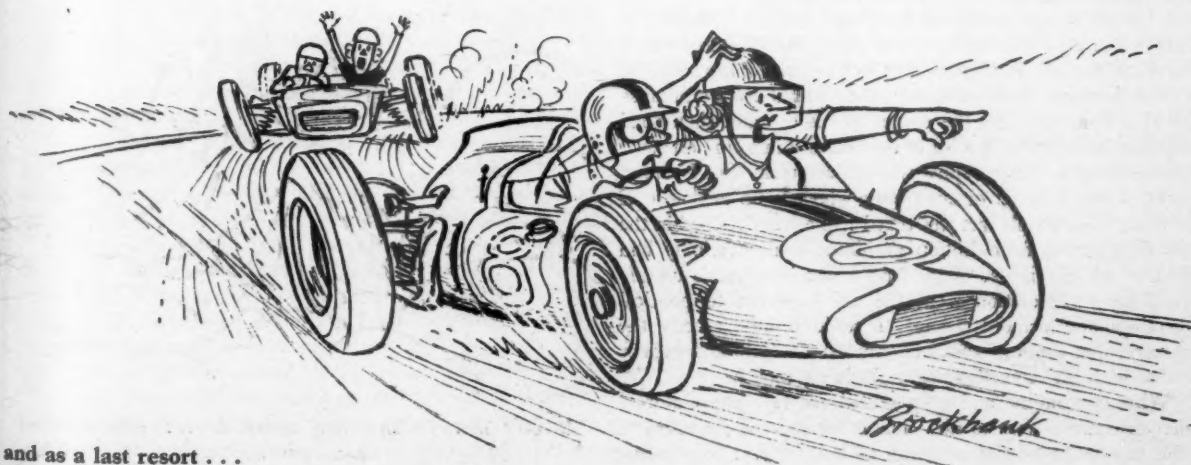
The foregoing alterations refer only to race tracks and are estimated to cut speeds by 30 per cent. If this is deemed insufficient the driver may be subjected to further hazards of an everyday nature. After all, anyone can blind down a road at 170 mph if he (or she) knows nothing is coming the other way.



Heavy lorry circulating in opposite direction



Abolish his instruments—and let him make do with our "fairy lights"



and as a last resort . . .



GWYN THOMAS

Growing up in Meadow Prospect

4 Explosion Point

DURING the whole of that first year in the County School I was fated to be heard by Mr. Thurlow in some act of declamation. Mr. Thurlow was a High Churchman, an austere traditionalist, the junior chemistry master at the school and his hearing was uncannily good if I were anywhere within a mile of him. I would go for weeks in a sullen silence, resting my cords after a gruelling series of shows in the vestry, then I would erupt. Usually, in the middle of some group of companions, I would stop and let rip with both fists at some sacred cow, some mossy old belief. After my expulsion from the Sunday School at the age of eleven and a half for arrant Pelagianism, Mr. Thurlow heard me sounding off about the need for a jubilant anarchy. The Sunday School Superintendent, whose patience I had finally broken with my little dialectical ram, had been a man of some violence. He had expelled me the short way, down a flight of stairs. When I had got my limbs together and shaken one of them at the conventicle I slid around Pelagius and landed in a total doctrinal eclipse, and this I stated for the first time just as Mr. Thurlow was passing.

That set the pattern for a small age. If ever I decided to launch a critical word at heaven or earth, Mr. Thurlow would be there, nodding and listening. Once or twice it has occurred to me that some member of my group would catch a glimpse of Mr. Thurlow from the corner of his eye and then goad me into utterance with a bit of subliminal muttering on some theme about which my spirit was tinder-quick. But I cannot think of any member of our troupe who was up to that level of craft. The simple fact was that I had a voice trained in the art of speaking from hilltop to hilltop and invariably bad luck in the public use of it. Also I had been made unduly vocal by an addiction from the age of seven to political meetings and demonstrations. I could imitate exactly the gestures and tones of about twenty local orators and usually did so with Mr. Thurlow's ear right in my mouth.

What pantomime and prep school are to many children, demonstrations were to me. The conscience of the valley at that time was a kind of tocsin for all humanity. I could never

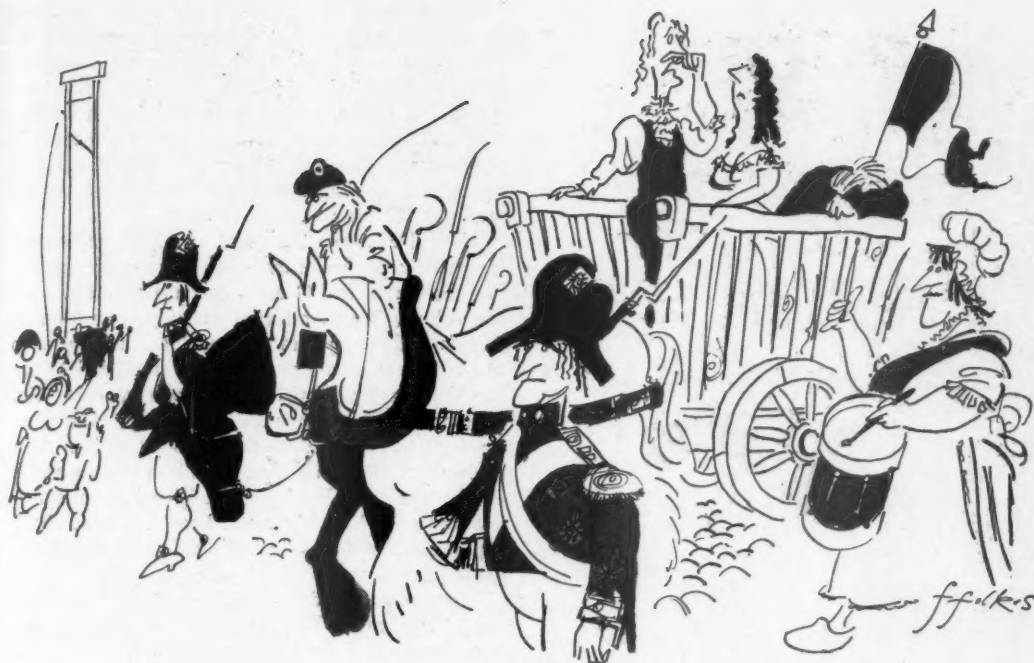
hear a drum or see a banner without falling in. The banners were infinite. There were the big global things in which we demanded an end to hunger, bloodshed and yaws; there were the banners that pointed the hose at possible areas of fire. "Watch Chanak" or "Hands off Chepstow." There were demands for the release of imprisoned Radicals the world over and we had a long list. Some would be well known like Tom Mooney, Sacco, Vanzetti. Others might be local boys currently in the County Keep for railing at some or other aspect of the Establishment in public and in savage language. These demonstrations became a vast, universal act of communication. In one turn-out I saw a banner demanding the deportation of Joynson-Hicks, the then Home Secretary, followed by an utterly non-political clutch of marchers. These were pigeon-keepers blaming some quirk of government policy for the outbreak of some ravaging type of moult among their birds.

My presence at these events was noted by the organizers. On one occasion, to give greater poignancy to their demands, they asked me if I, together with another under-age insurrectionary, would like to carry the banner at the head of the procession. This was a banner with a brace of slogans, one in Welsh demanding that some brazen tycoon get lost, and another in English, pledging solidarity with the lads in some colliery two valleys away who had been on strike for two months and whose clashes with the police had the punctual stability of a fixture list. I was delighted. I grasped my pole and set off at a half-run that almost broke the arm of my partner, a slow hand with a pole and averse to publicity. I rounded my first corner in fine style, a wheeling manoeuvre that threw the brass band off its beat. In the whole street there was only one person and he was staring at me. It was Mr. Thurlow and his eyes said without reservation that he now thought I had finished the course.

From then on the chemistry laboratory at school in which Mr. Thurlow taught became a battlefield. He taught us only during the afternoon session. By then his mood had lost



"It isn't that I don't like ambrosia. It's ambrosia that doesn't like me."



"I'm starting hay-fever."

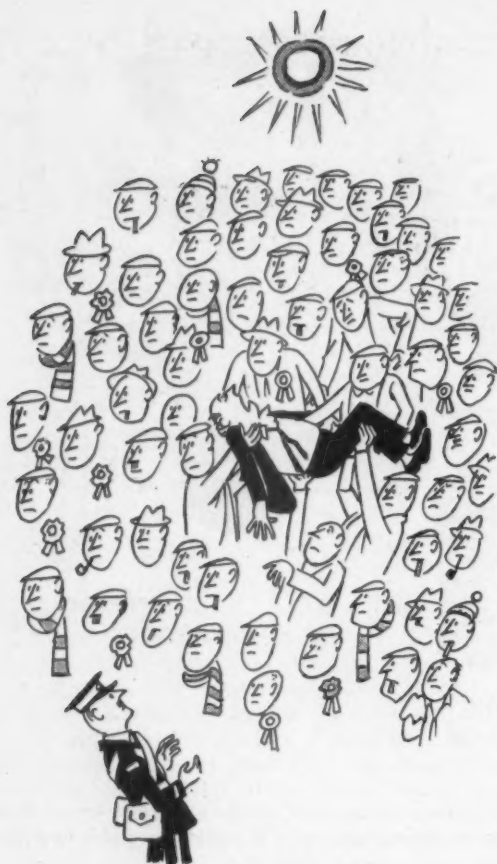
whatever friendliness or serenity it might have had in the morning. There was some talk that he inhaled small amounts of ether as a stimulant and I can certainly recall occasions when we came into the laboratory and found him bent over a bench laughing his hair off. We put it down to the fact that he had spent a whole morning thinking about the valley and putting up with the fantastic smell of the place in which he worked. But once he caught sight of me there was no more laughter. Whatever comic vision he got from the ether slipped through the floorboards as soon as I came into view. For him I was eternally rounding that corner with that banner.

First he would point at me and chemistry was forgotten. His lips would form around some of the black slogans he had heard from me bidding the weak be strong and the strong a bit more perceptive. Then he would shout: "There's the cheapjack, the mole, the tunneller. There's . . ." And he would name one of the prominent left-wing gurus of the period whose axioms, he was convinced, I had now welded into a non-stop oratorio. Then he would pick up one of those iron tripods they put over bunsen-burners to boil things. The chase would begin. The thing became such a ritual we even hit on a pace acceptable to us both, enough to feed an exciting rage in him, enough to keep me just out of the range of the swinging tripod. When I hear people speak to-day of "enormous strides in chemistry" I still think of those grotesque marathons played out between myself and Mr. Thurlow around and over those scuffed laboratory benches. They would end with his returning, gasping, to his private room, a tiny cubby-hole full of bottles. He would close the

door, content, I hope, in a dark, safe silent world where his grey convictions rose solid as mountains in his unchallenged mind.

Just before I left the chemistry course for good Mr. Thurlow and I looked at each other, for a moment, in a new and healing light. At the summer concert he had heard me sing a solo called "I am dreaming of the mountains of my home," a sweet lament which would move a camel. It tells of a rover who has been bitten and blistered half to death in some such oil outpost as Abadan. The rover is sick of Abadan and he wants to be buried in the mountains of his home where it is cool and the graveyard tranquil. The song made a deep impression on Mr. Thurlow. He had never been to Abadan but he had been scalded several times by wrong mixtures in the laboratory and he had confessed to us that often, during country walks, he would go into graveyards and be impressed by the quietness and the absence of teaching. Our eyes met as I boomed the last note of the song, a major alto effect. We both wondered what exactly had fed the blight which had brought ruin to the earth between us.

I decided to make a last effort at creating a possible groundwork of peace, short of singing that song about the mountains every time he came into view. I asked who was the best boy in chemistry in the form. I had never got near enough to the subject to have any idea of how our ability in this field was mapped. I was told that one of my classmates, called Geary, was almost a genius, a boy who had his fingers just a hair's-breadth away from the philosopher's stone. I approached Geary. He was a stolid boy who, even at the age of thirteen, had his own little market garden and sold chicks and rabbits.



He did not look like a genius but I had seen pictures of famous inventors on a set of cigarette cards and some of their faces had a moronic hang. At least three of them looked like Geary who himself had invented some new way of stimulating bucks or does.

I persuaded Geary to let me share the last experiment with him. He looked at me suspiciously as if he thought I was trying deviously to edge my way into the rabbit market. I told him that all I wanted was the experience of working in harness with a born chemist. He nodded and we set to work.

I watched him closely as he set a light to the burner and started assembling materials. I saw no hint of mastery in his style and I did not like the way he had of constantly putting questions to our neighbours on the bench. But I remembered Mr. Thurlow telling us of a professor of his who had been so hamfisted that he had confined his research work to probing nature with the fatter type of retort. And there was also the possibility that Geary, while seeming to ask questions, might only have been testing our neighbours' knowledge. A born teacher as well as a born chemist. I worked alongside him with happiness and enthusiasm. Mr. Thurlow looked at me warmly, as if hoping that I might still be weaned away from the aridities of language-study and won for the future as a maker of new synthetics.

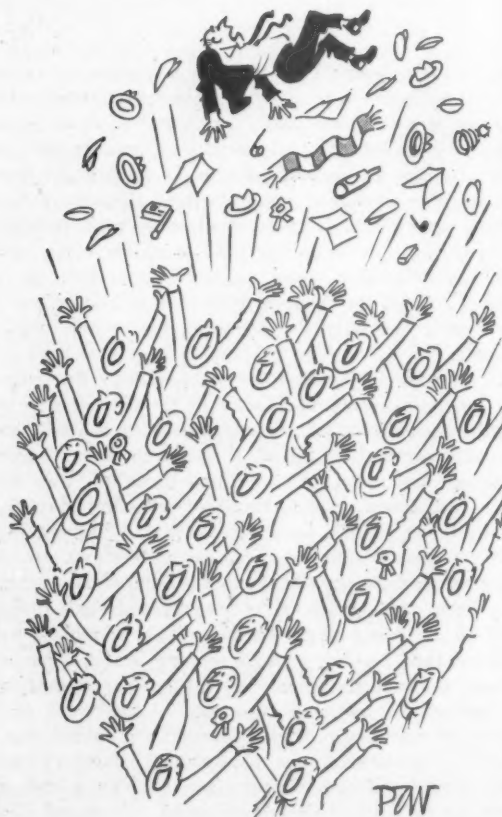
Now and then I blew into the bunsen-burner to sharpen the flame for whatever climax Geary had up his sleeve. I

started throwing in suggestions about what he should do to thicken the mixture that Geary was assembling in a flask. The complacency with which he took these suggestions, the children of a virgin ignorance, gave me a few moments of doubt, but Geary seemed to be growing in confidence and skill, and once or twice he walked away and came back with powders and jars that belonged to groups other than ours and saying in a voice that grew louder that we should not spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar.

Then there came the point at which we must have put together the pincers of two enormous miscalculations. I blew into the burner and Geary added a spoonful of something to his cocktail. We were blown violently away from the bench. The flask, three pipettes and a tap vanished, never to be seen again. The porcelain of a sink was cracked right across. We shocked an asthma sufferer into a complete cure. Geary and I were both slightly concussed, with Geary looking very much the same as he had done before, but happier. As soon as I recovered I picked up one of the iron tripods and handed it to Mr. Thurlow. We began, sadly and reluctantly, our very last canter. When, a vacation later, I entered the languages department, he double-locked the door so that I would never get out again.

The genius turned out later to have been not Geary, but a boy called Leary. The Welsh have an infirm grasp on their initial consonants and I had been misled.

Next week: Lapsed Policy





1994

Is this the way our society is growing up?

By B. A. YOUNG

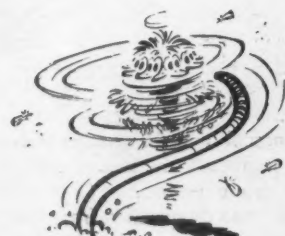
SMITH, a lightly bearded boy near the bottom of the Third Form, held his hand up. "Yes, Smith, what is it now?" asked his form-master wearily. "Sir, can I be excused, sir? I've to go and 'elp the missus bath the twins." "All right, Smith, but don't take all day about it." "I won't, sir, not likely. Got to turn out for the under-sixteens later, 'aven't I."

The master wished, not for the first time in nearly forty years' school-mastering, that he had read the papers, and the omens, more carefully when he was a young man in the nineteen-sixties. It wasn't as if there had been no warnings. There was this Professor C. F. Carter of Manchester University; in April 1961, speaking to the National Association of Youth Officers, he had made it plain enough. The marriage age, said the professor, "shows still further signs of falling, and is in imminent danger of colliding with the school leaving age." More, "the tendency to have children early in married life seems to be well established." (He might have added, the master reflected bitterly, that the tendency to have children earlier than in married life was pretty robust too.) How anyone could stay in teaching with such prospects before them, even with the rises in pay the periodical teachers' strikes brought in, was hard to understand...

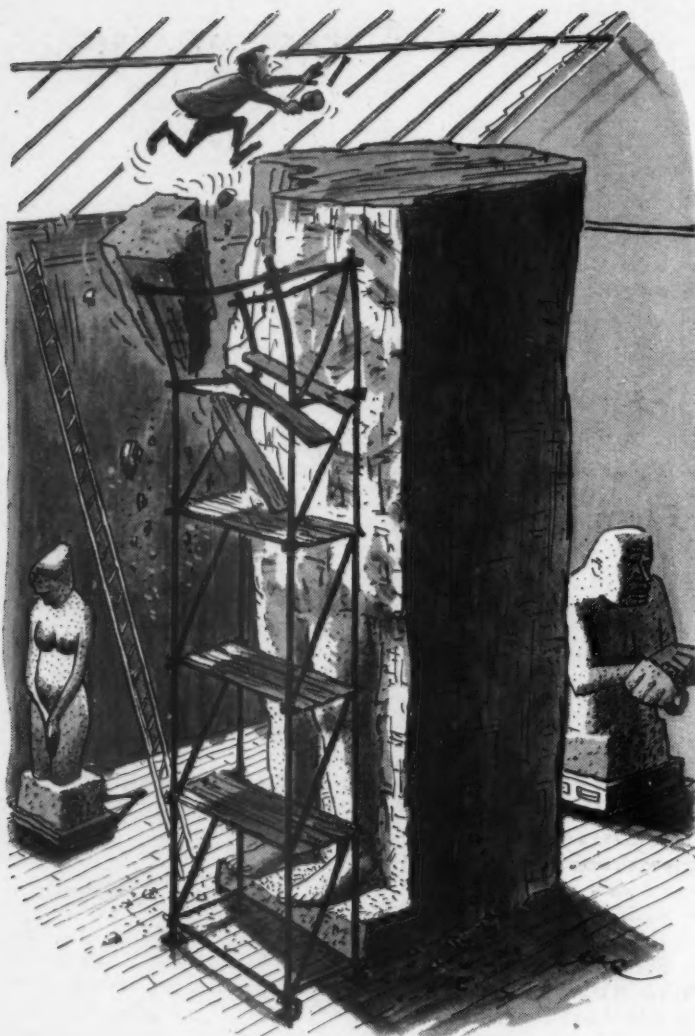
The actual collision took place early in the nineteen-seventies. The school-leaving age had been raised (or had "raised itself," to use Professor Carter's

phrase) to seventeen in 1968. At that time the marriage age was averaging seventeen-nine. Five years later Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's third government, faced with the unemployment crisis brought on by a ruthlessly applied payroll-tax, put up the school-leaving age to eighteen and by that time the marriage age was down to seventeen-one. It meant that half the boys in the Sixth Forms and all those in the new Seventh and Eighth Forms were married and expected to be provided with married quarters. By 1994, children—if that was still the word to use—were staying at school until their twentieth birthdays and marrying on the average at fifteen-three. Every school had its crèche and child-guidance clinic, which the masters were naturally expected to supervise as they had supervised the free dinners in earlier times...

At half-past three the bell rang and the form, which had of course stopped work five minutes earlier to avoid the possibility of having to wash their hands and comb their hair in their own time, trooped out to the car-park. Once again the master found his thoughts drifting back to the 'sixties. The day after Professor Carter's speech, he remembered, there was a report in *The Times* that the headmaster of Chesterfield Grammar School was worried whether the new buildings to which the school was to move was going to have enough room for parking. Already, he had said, there were eighteen cars and scooters in the park, besides the thirty belonging



HARGREAVES



to the staff, and the number was going up. Eighteen! the master thought, he calls this a problem. (The pronoun "that" had disappeared from the OED in 1980.) The thirty boys of the Third Form alone disposed of thirty cars, on which the instalments were paid out of National Assistance. Luckily the fashion for playing games had died out, and parking-space had been found on what had been the playing-fields in a more frivolous age . . .

A youngster called Hawkes, whom the master recognized as having only lately come up from the primary school on reaching his eleventh birthday, looked down at him diffidently. "Could I ask you something, sir?" "Of course,

Hawkes, what is it?" "Well, sir, I lost me razor, and sir says, I mean Mr. Hutchinson says I got to pay for a new one." "Yes?" "Well, sir, it's on the National Health, innit?" The master sighed. "You get your first on the National Health," he explained for the umpteenth time, "and after that you only get blades. If you want a new razor you'll have to pay for it out of your pocket-money." "But, sir, my mum only gives me three quid." It was a difficult case, he knew. The boy's father had stayed at school until he was twenty-two and then gone up to Cambridge; his mother was fifteen when he was born and had had several children since. Only when both parents

were past thirty had they begun to earn. "I'll see the welfare officer for you," he said.

There was no reason why he should not have seen it all coming. In that same month, April 1961, there had been a report that the average boy's voice broke early in his thirteenth year—three months sooner than a mere five years before. And the average height was an inch more than it had been ten years previously. So here they were in the year of grace 1995, bearded giants, bass-voiced at twelve, fathers at fourteen, married at fifteen, debarred from entering the labour market till twenty. "This is the Age of Maturity," Lord Stansgate, the Home Secretary, had said in the House of Commons a few days before; but maturity, the master reflected, was not altogether an unmixed blessing. Even the 'sixties, with all their stresses, had a kind of calm the 'nineties would never know; the 'fifties, when he had grown up, he saw now as a haven of tranquillity for all its H-bombs and cold war. Best of all, though, to go back in imagination through the centuries . . .

Later that evening he took down his old-fashioned printed Shakespeare and opened it at random. The timeless romance engulfed him—

LADY CAPULET:

Nurse, come back again
I have remembered me, thou's hear
our counsel.
Thou knowst my daughter's of a
pretty age.

NURSE:

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET: She's not fourteen.

NURSE: I'll lay fourteen of my teeth
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

LADY CAPULET:

A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE: Come Lammas-eve at night
shall she be fourteen.

Thirteen-eleven, as we should say,
the master thought automatically,
turning the page . . .

LADY CAPULET:

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem
Are made already mothers; by my
count
I was your mother much upon these
years
That you are now a maid.

But that was *different*, he told himself passionately, replacing the book on the shelf and starting to correct the Fifth Form's addition sums; that was *different*.

Shoes and Ships and Waxwings

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

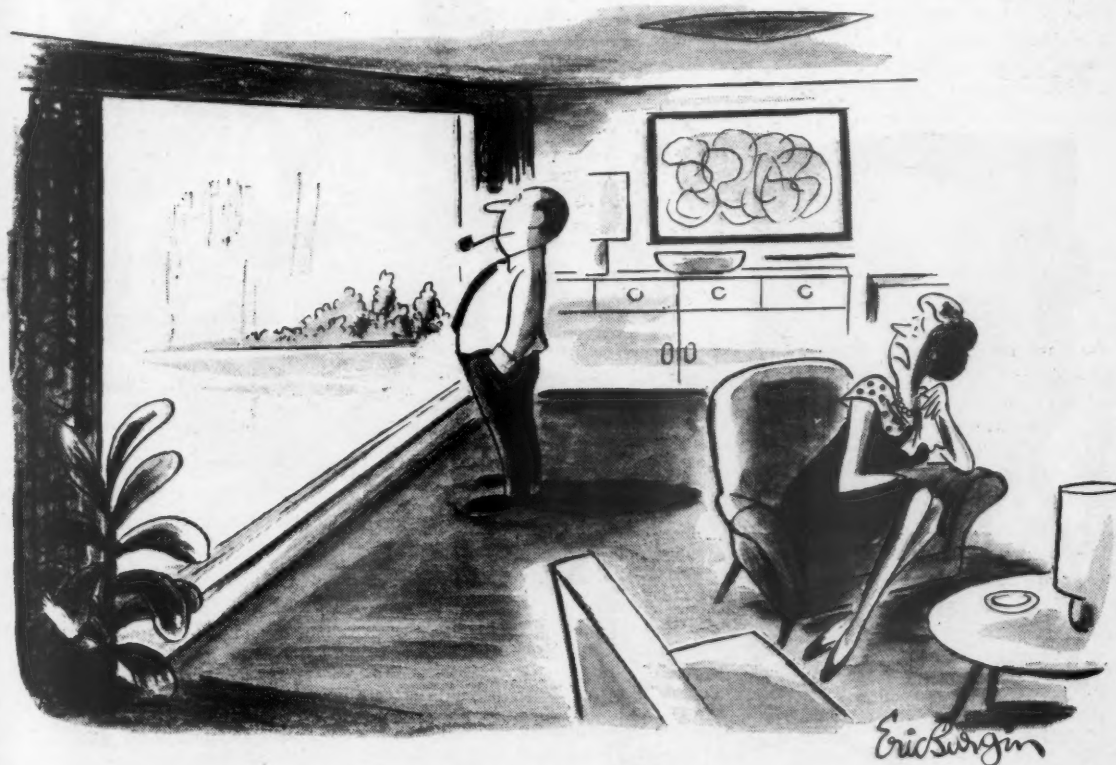
IN the atmosphere surrounding any editorial desk particles of obscure intelligence are permanently floating. I plucked one from the air the other day which told me, for instance, that a pressure of 20,000 lb. would be needed to flatten a regulation soccer ball to the point of explosion. And again, only this morning, I learn that half the children in Northern Rhodesia, under sociological interrogation, have said that if they weren't human beings they would like to be birds.

Let us forget the soccer ball for the moment—and with it a poignantly untropical report that the French Government Tourist Office has issued a pamphlet entitled “Ten Things for Cats and Dogs to do in Paris”—and consider the aerial ambitions of the

little Rhodesians. I don't know what the official fact-finder said, as he kept putting this question to the young citizens of Livingstonia, Chitambo and Lusaka, and getting back little tweets of “Bird, Bird, Bird.” Probably it wasn't his business to say anything. All the same someone, I feel, should point out that being a bird isn't all it's cracked up to be. Personally, I'd rather be a dog or cat, who gets a softer life altogether. Has anyone, I'd like to know, ever issued a pamphlet on ten things for birds to do in Paris? Connoisseurs of the *double-entente* will kindly turn over. This isn't their sort of article.

This is, in fact, an article about a Dutchman in Amsterdam who has a couple of birds nesting under the bonnet

of his car. Starlings, I fancy they are, and with eggs, he says, on the way. He says also that when the eggs arrive and hatching sets in, he will lay his car up and go by bus until the little feathered family is successfully airborne. It is also an article about a couple of blackbirds who, with a flash of that arrant stupidity which knocks all talk of dumb creatures' intelligence for six, have nested in the branches of an old tinsel-draped Christmas tree in a church hall in Rutland. Here, again, eggs are imminent, and those who are perfectly entitled, being members in good standing with paid-up dues, to use the hall for jiving, table tennis and other religious activities, have unanimously voted not to do so until the nest is vacated.



“You've hardly looked at me since we had that picture window put in!”

As you were going to say—exactly how I can reconcile these facts with an earlier statement that I wouldn't be a bird if you paid me, and still turn this into a well-argued *belle-lettre* enjoining the young pupils of Northern Rhodesia to keep their feet on the ground, even if it means having four of them, is a challenge such as no writer of light pieces has faced since Ring Lardner championed "mange" as the loveliest word in the English language. I accept the challenge: and not because I'm short of other subjects, either: an item datelined Methuen, Massachusetts, reaches me even as I write, with the news that the milk of the Pacific walrus contains forty-three per cent butter-fat.

So take it from me, children, the great drawback to a career as a bird is that you never know for two days together just how you stand with the human race. Imagine yourself an Amsterdam starling, snug and warm in the sump-fragrant dark. (If preferred, you can be a Birmingham peewit or a Newport Pagnell nuthatch: at this time of year the road-transport of Europe is widely immobilized by strong men's

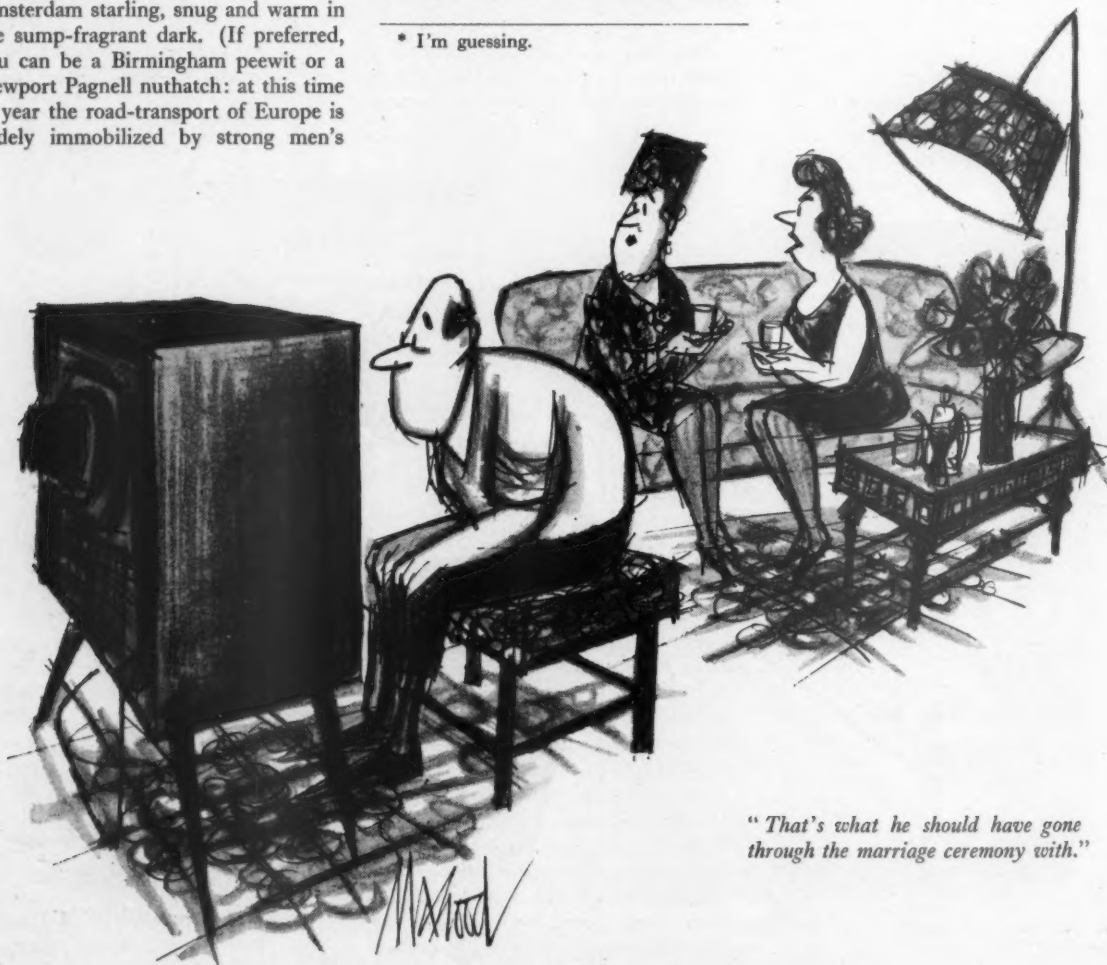
compassion.) Every morning for weeks you hear Mynheer van Huytzelaer* tip toe to the garage, slip a handful of worms through the radiator grille, shush his wife at the back door where she is noisily tying her apron, and manfully suppress his sneeze all the way to the bus-stop. Then comes the day when the kids are off your hands. Exulting in your freedom you soar away with their mother and start tucking-in to a square meal in the soft fruit, when—wham! All hell breaks loose. Bird-scarers rattle and glitter, women run out of the house screaming and waving mops, little Dutch children hurl milk-bottles, clogs, butts of old cucumber from the sink-tidy . . . and at an upper window appears Mynheer van Huytzelaer himself, red-faced and fumbling pellets into an air-gun.

"Are these the same people," any starling may be excused for asking,

* I'm guessing.

"who've had us up to the pinions in soaked bread and bacon-rinds ever since the end of Lent? What's got into them?" "Search me," says the other one, dodging a screwed-up dishcloth. "But if anyone comes around asking me what I'd like to be if I weren't a bird I shall plump for a skunk. At least they get dirty looks *all* the time. Let's take dessert off those wallflowers."

Or consider pheasants. A pheasant is brought up to the idea that he's going to be followed about all his life by a bodyguard with a double-barrelled shotgun and gaiters, and throughout his formative years this works well; even nursemaids, dogs and small boys armed with nothing more lethal than a plastic death-ray are chased from the lanes and spinneys: protective salvoes are sometimes even fired over their heads:



"That's what he should have gone through the marriage ceremony with."

everyone, it seems, is an enemy, except the man with the double-barrelled gun. But what happens, suddenly, without any distant early warning, on about October 2? The bodyguard is reinforced tenfold, if not more. The pheasant feels gratified, but only momentarily. Because what's this? Bang, bang! There go his tailfeathers. The reinforced bodyguard is shooting at him. And not over his head, either.

It's hard to make sense of. And, round about September 1, partridges agree. Similar bewilderment is in store for turkeys.

What of the budgerigar? His wounds are in the main emotional ones, it is true. But many a budgerigar would rather be swiftly dispatched by a twelve-bore than suffer the psychological turmoil of being coaxed into repeating a Flaxman telephone number for weeks, and then, whenever he starts up, getting blanketed under a green baize cloth, with cries of "Oh, shut up, you little b——!" before he's got the FLA out.

No, on the whole, children of Northern Rhodesia, my advice would be to give birds a miss when it comes to offers of reincarnation. There are lucky ones, granted. But even in a church hall in Rutland, just when you're well settled down in the mystifyingly sapless branches of a tinseliferous fir, you can never be sure that some anti-social element isn't going to steal in and start beating you about the room with a ping-pong bat. Stay as you are, kids. There's lots to do. Try painting on pin-heads. Analyse some walrus milk. Get a few fat friends together and explode a soccer ball.

But don't get the idea that you're entirely safe from switches in human attitudes, all the same. You don't have to be nesting in a motor-car engine to wake up one morning and find that you've left the Commonwealth or something. That's life, children . . . like this cutting that's just landed on my desk saying that Americans are eating three times as much lettuce as they were in 1919.

☆

"Kent County Council yesterday unanimously opposed Royal Commission proposals under which the county would lose about one-third of its population. It would also lose about one-third of its dateable value."—*Daily Telegraph*

We'd have said about one-sixth.

"When We Fought Campaigns..."

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

HYDROGEN bombs, some people seem to feel, have taken much of the charm and gaiety away from warfare, so I was especially gratified to observe that old-fashioned military craftsmanship was being faithfully commemorated at the Spring Exhibition meeting of the British Society of Collectors of Model Soldiers.

Through no fault of our Government we've been rather out of things belligerent during the past four and a half years, and, for that matter, the last show wasn't very much really. If one looks at the newspapers these days one is bound to acknowledge that all the fighting to speak of is being done by foreigners. All the more therefore must we cherish our relics of the active days of the past.

I got quite a nasty turn on arrival at Caxton Hall, Westminster, where the Society, it had been announced, were to meet; the first sign I read inside the building offered a one-day course in "Yoga Mind-Control & Meditation," which smacked of non-violence. But reassurance was close at hand. In another room, although it was early in the afternoon, devoted sons of Mars had already gathered together an impressive array of tiny lead mementos of historic ceremonial carnage.

The British Model Soldier Society, as it is known for short (motto: *Multum in Parvo*), was founded by twenty-two enthusiasts in London in 1935, which was an off-year militarily for us, though some interesting pioneer work was being done abroad with flame-throwers and there was some promising talk of poison gas. To-day there are about five hundred members, in the Americas, Australia, New Zealand, the Virgin Islands, Kuwait, Malaya, South Africa, Greece, Italy, Spain, West Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Denmark and Sweden, as well as Britain, and interest in collecting model soldiers is more intense than ever before. They become annually more costly, however (one distinguished London manufacturer

says he is obliged to charge as much as £3 15s. for a single hand-painted figure two and a quarter inches high), and there is some anxiety that the school-boys of the present generation, who become eligible to join the Society at the age of sixteen, may not be prepared to maintain the tradition. One can't help wondering whether modern youth appreciates war. After all it's always been an expensive hobby, but in the past we have been willing to give up other things for its sake.

According to the secretary, A. G. Clayton, a London silk salesman who was one of the founders, the purpose of the Society is "the reproduction of the soldier and his equipment through the ages." Members are so far-ranging in their tastes that the Society could mount a display of models representing the formally organized fighters of the world from 3,000 BC to the present, he said. The most popular period is the time of Waterloo, "perhaps because it



"Money, money, money! If you want long pants you'll have to sell your electric razor."

was the best documented." Members are meticulous about the authenticity of the uniforms they paint. "There's no acrimony, of course," Mr. Clayton emphasized, "but there's a good deal of friendly argument about such details as the number of buttons on a pair of spats. The results of all the research are models, not toys. It's a mistake to think of us as just a lot of old men crawling about on the nursery floor saying 'bang, bang!—you're dead!'"

Mr. Clayton said that members had all sorts of special interests in model soldiering. Some members were interested in the models as objects of art; some members were interested in history; some in military strategy and tactics; some in the mechanics of model weapons. Britain may not have projected a man into space, but we may well have the world's most powerful model field-gun. "I've seen a member's model gun shoot a ball-bearing through a telephone book," Mr. Clayton proudly averred. Such a model, one need hardly add, would be invaluable to anyone who wanted to make a small hole in a telephone book.

W. E. Nixon, a Customs clerk who lives in Clapham, said that since he had joined the Society about a year ago he had spent most of his spare time painting model soldiers. He now had about three hundred of them, and added to his collection every week. "I'm so busy painting them that I haven't the time to play with them," he said. "It's a very satisfying pastime for a bachelor. When I'm busy painting a model soldier I have a feeling that the world is going by, and I like that." While decorating a nineteenth-century dress uniform it had occurred to him that Britain could solve its military recruiting problem if soldiers all wore scarlet again "instead of being dressed like bus conductors."

It is the opinion of N. R. Belmont-Maitland, proprietor of Norman Newton Ltd., a model soldier manufacturing company based in Mayfair, that some of his customers are "obsessed" by their miniature armies. "When they have all their models arranged in battle formations they feel like generals, or kings even," he said. "Just look around this room." Sure enough, there were

Napoleonic glints in the eyes of some of the most modestly attired of men.

"It would be wrong to say that we are off our rockers," I was told by an independent collector of model soldiers who lives in discreet anonymity in Earls Court. "Some people say I often make speeches to my soldiers. This is not so. I address them rarely. Usually they are given their orders by their own officers in the ordinary manner."

Model soldiering seems to appeal specially to some parsons, Mr. Clayton said. "The church militant," he said, introducing the Reverend B. W. Mackie, an elderly gentleman wearing pea-green plus-fours and a Boy Scout lapel-badge. Mr. Mackie said he conducted small-scale battles, using scouts to move the models, in the garden of his rectory in High Wycombe. They play the game in accordance with the rules laid down by H. G. Wells in his book *Little Wars* (J. M. Dent). Had Mr. Mackie added nuclear weapons to his toy arsenal? "Heaven forbid!" Mr. Mackie exclaimed. The mock fractures and haemorrhages sustained by the infantry and cavalry of H. G. Wells's jolly little campaigns were on the tiniest scale. "Here is War, done down to rational proportions," Wells wrote. "You have only to play at Little Wars three or four times to realize just what a blundering thing a Great War must be." His book was first published in 1913. The British Model Soldier Society is still learning his lesson.

The Cab War-6



"Unfortunately neither of us had any change but we promised to keep our eyes skinned on his behalf."

BLACK MARK!

No. 1

THE waiting-room by Platform Fifteen at Victoria station has linoleum not only split but turned back to show its hairy old underbelly. The décor is mainly of pictorial tiles, suggestive of an antique dairy, and its straight wooden benches are clearly a job-lot from a Dickensian poorhouse, or the anteroom of a casual ward, where relatives of the criminal or indigent once waited for interviews. Comfortless, sordid and grim, all that can be said of this place is that a grudging employee sometimes comes in with a broom and sweeps up the orange peel, fag-ends and paper bags. The impression is that of a frank but sullen statement from Dr. Beeching: this is what the railways really think of the customer.

Essence of Parliament

IT has been Bann trovato week on the whole. No one could seriously dispute the claim of Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Grimond that had it not been for Mr. Bann we would not have had the Government's offer of a committee to consider the composition of the House of Lords. What will come of it—whether the Socialists and the Liberals will co-operate—what good it will do to Mr. Bann personally and how soon—all these remain to be seen. As uncertain as always were Mr. Butler's inscrutable motives. Was it merely to put the Socialists into a fix? Was it to provide a passage by which revolting Conservatives could return easily to the fold? Lord Lambton seemed pleased and Mr. Butler seemed pleased that Lord Lambton was pleased. He even made a little joke about the lion lying down with the lamb and chuckled at it. "Lamb" for "Lambton" explained the cognoscenti in Butlerian jokes. Perhaps that was the joke. Perhaps it was something else. Anyway Mr. Butler saw it himself and found it very funny. Or did it please his sardonic humour that it should fall to Lord Hailsham to announce the Government policy in the Lords? Perhaps the most vociferous comment was not the most important. An elderly lady in the gallery of the Lords announced as far as she could be understood that she was the Queen of England and the Prime Minister was her father and she was not going to have anyone monkeying with the Lords. Her claims were generally thought to be exaggerated and she was duly removed.

The week had started off on an even more bizarre note. On the division on Friday on the Carriage By Air Bill, Mr. Orr-Ewing and Sir Peter Agnew were recorded by a meticulous Hansard as voting in both lobbies. This was odd enough, but what was odder still was that it was true and what was oddest of all was that, according to the Speaker's ruling, if only a Member can sprint across quickly enough from the one lobby to the other to cancel out his own vote he is apparently allowed to do so. This seems to give an unfair advantage to Mr. Chataway, but there appears no reason any longer why every Member, not actually crippled, should not always vote both ways on all divisions and thus succeed in pleasing all of his constituents all of the time.

There is a running complaint in Parliament these days that important questions are not reached. Mr. Silverman made it with some bitterness on Thursday. Three of his own Front Benchers (if indeed *his* they be) had kept up the supplementaries on the "chalk pit" for seven minutes so that Mr. Silverman's question to the Prime Minister demanding the withdrawal of American bases was not reached. Mr. Silverman made no bones about it that this was a put-up show and Mr. Callaghan angrily shouted out at him "rubbish." The Speaker wisely refused to be drawn in. But the general point surely is that questions of a purely constituency interest

should be put down for Written rather than Oral answer. On the whole I was on the side of Mr. Eric Fletcher and against Mr. Irvine, the Member for Rye, when Mr. Irvine objected to Mr. Fletcher asking a question about the state of preservation of Battle Abbey on the ground that Battle Abbey was in the Rye constituency. For Battle Abbey is a national monument, not a building of interest only to the men of Rye. But when Mr. Boyden, the Member for Bishop Auckland, asked about the fate of "such villages as Cockfield, Woodlands, Middleton-in-Teesdale, Eggleston, Stendrop, Copley and Butterknowle," my poetic soul was indeed moved to put them into Kiplingesque verse.

Send up Cockfield, Woodlands and Eggleston,
Stendrop and Butterknowle,

but my Parliamentary mind could not but reflect that these were all villages in the Bishop Auckland constituency and that the fate of Middleton-in-Teesdale might just as well have been recorded in a Written Answer.

The Muse in Bishop Auckland

The South Africa Bill was intended by Mr. Duncan Sandys and the Government to be a mere standstill-machinery bill to tide things over while the new relationship between us and the South African Republic was being worked out. But that was by no means the mind of those Three Musketeers of the Right—Mr. Fell, Mr. Biggs-Davison and Lord Hinchinbrooke. They took the opportunity to make very strong attacks on the Prime Minister, on whom they placed a large part of the responsibility for the present troubles. Ours was a Government of Little Englanders, thought Mr. Fell, rounding on poor Mr. Leather behind him, a New Zealander on a Canadian. We must have instead of Mr. Macmillan "a real Commonwealth Prime Minister." Mr. Macmillan and the Government must bear a heavy burden of responsibility, thought Mr. Biggs-Davison. The Prime Minister had failed the Commonwealth, thought Lord Hinchinbrooke, by "his ineptitude, lack of foresight, lack of percipient planning and lack of energy." It was a heavy bombardment, even if it came only from three guns. Not so very far away across the Square yet more virulent critics, under I know not what exact auspices, were mournfully chanting "Hang Macmillan," "Hang Macleod." But such a policy would require an amendment to the Homicide Act and Mr. Butler has often made it clear that he is not prepared to consider such amendments until the act has had a fuller period of trial.



MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN

On Tuesday Mr. Macmillan was there in person. It was not South Africa then but the Common Market, but one might have thought that some of Lord Hinchinbrooke's criticisms were applicable, if not to the Commonwealth, at least to the Government's European policy. The Prime Minister's statement would have been worthy of a political oration by Mr. Peter Sellers. Doubtless there is much to be said on the one hand for this course of action and on the other hand for that. Doubtless it is not as easy as joining a club and nothing must be done precipitately, but one cannot but wonder when the Government is going to decide what its policy will be. Mr. Harold Wilson seemed, it must be confessed, very well satisfied and in no more of a hurry than the Prime Minister. Only Mr. Grimond was impatient.

— PERCY SOMERSET

☆

Attention B.M.A.

"Mrs. Ward was treated for the bite, a badly bruised knee and shock by a doctor at home."—Daily Telegraph



Keeping the Powder Dry

THERE are times when the wisdom of keeping their financial powder dry is impressed on investors. The recent intrusion of world politics in markets—a menacing pincer movement from Cuba, Algeria, Laos, Angola and, for third dimension, from Major Gagarin—is a case in point. Occasionally it pays to be “in cash” and underinvested, despite the view taken in certain high investment circles that “cash is too speculative an investment for us.”

Irrespective of market movements and of the punters who try to hit the highs and lows—there are great tactical advantages to be secured from a cash position when rights issues abound, as they do at the moment. A number of British companies are raising additional capital by way of issues of ordinary shares to their existing shareholders on highly favourable or “rights” terms. Nothing is more logical than that they should choose this, at present the cheapest, method of increasing their capital resources. When there is a “reverse yield gap” of over one and a half per cent between gilts and equities, the wisdom of issuing more equities is self-evident.

Happy then is the shareholder who is able to take up the shares offered to him and does not have to water his capital either by selling his rights or by selling enough of his existing shares to take up the new ones. There are so many improvidents on such occasions that the price of the existing shares “cum rights” and of the rights themselves is unduly depressed. That is the moment when the investor who has kept his powder dry and can afford to take up the shares or rights which are being thrown overboard can make very favourable purchases.

There are some large rights issues in the wind. The most significant of them all in their promise of more to come are those made by two banks, the Midland and Barclays (DCO). The Midland are raising £24m. by a rights issue of one share for every three held at sixty

shillings per share, or about half the price at which the existing shares were quoted just before the news burst like a bountiful gift balloon over the market. The operation is being further sweetened by an equal scrip issue, i.e. an issue of new shares for which no cash has to be paid and by an intimation of dividend prospects that will bring water to the long-parched mouths of bank shareholders.

The intention of the Midland is to bring its capital into better relation with the size of its other liabilities and assets—and we may rest assured that this is likely to be the first of a new round of similar moves among the clearing banks.

It would be wrong to regard the Midland's as the first move in the 1961 series of bank rights issues. Some weeks ago Barclays (DCO) announced a three for ten rights issue at thirty shillings. On an estimated dividend of ten per cent, the shares yield four and a half per cent. There is a strong African flavour in this bank's widespread



Trees on Tips

FROM time to time some sleuth observes an attempt to grow trees on the spoil-heaps or waste-tips of a coal mine. The idea is probably to mask or veil an eyesore but if some of the trees can in due course be converted into pitprops—what neat economy!

The trees-on-tips idea is not all that new. Back in 1815 the then Earl of Dudley was busy in the Midlands. Much more good pilot work was done (for instance, near Walsall and Wolverhampton) between 1880 and 1910. Many memoranda have been written and in our own time the Commonwealth Agricultural Bureaux have published (1949) a ten-bob book on “The Establishment of Vegetation on Industrial Wasteland.” This surveyed the problems involved and commented in the foreword: “People accustomed to living among derelict land and spoil-heaps will probably have to be educated to appreciate the value of a green view from their kitchen windows.”

interests—and that explains a yield that stands somewhat higher than the average for bank shares.

Other rights issues are being made by some of the best of British companies. Imperial Chemical Industries, for example, have made a one for twenty issue at fifty-five shillings. This company is doing great work in the export field and is making a real break through into the Russian market.

Then there is Stewarts & Lloyds, whose two for nine rights issue at forty-four shillings will provide the capital needed for the company's dynamic growth. Profits last year rose by eighty-two per cent.

Other “rights” which seem right for investments are the issues made by Metropolitan Estates and Property—a first-class property company; Cable & Wireless—now one of the most intelligently managed investment trusts in this country; and Broom & Wade—manufacturers of pneumatic drills.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

Another important part of the problem was well remarked years ago in a Forestry Commission comment: “One vital matter is the protection of the plantations from the ravages of children. This may be done either by extremely strong wire fencing, or preferably by encouraging the children to take an interest in the plantations, even to the extent of allowing them to assist in the planting.”

The range of the technical difficulties facing the industrial tree-planters is forbidding. Tips may consist of any kind or refuse from china-clay (Cornwall) and broken fireclay or plaster-of-Paris moulds, pottery, or sand and red oxide discarded after the polishing of plate glass (Lancashire) to common ashes and clinker. Or it may be deep subsoil left in ridge and valley formation after opencast mining operations. Most such tips are inhospitable to vegetation of any kind. The air is likely to be foul with smoke.

In these difficult circumstances the business of establishing some kind of vegetation—of selecting pioneers and creating conditions which are not completely impossible, or of giving newly-planted trees a “boost” which is not too costly, belongs to the territory of the ecologist rather than the forester. This work of rehabilitating or restoring scarred and wounded “wasteland” must become every year more important as pressure on our island space grows with various demands.—J. D. U. WARD



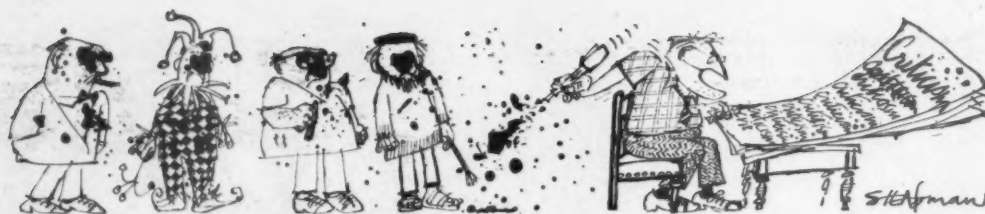
WOMAN'S ANGLE

By A. F. WILES



"That was my
last worm."





AT THE PLAY

Altona (ROYAL COURT)

I SAW Sartre's *Altona* in Paris (where it was *Les Séquestrés d'Altona*) and thought it verbose and far too long, and I found nothing in Justin O'Brien's adaptation at the Royal Court to make me change my mind. It is a confused and emotional melodrama in which Sartre lays the blame for the world's suffering on mankind. According to this pioneer of existentialism we are both our own torturers and our own judges.

The guinea-pigs in his experiment—they are barely human beings—are a rich Prussian family with a hereditary shipyard. The father is a tyrant who has kept in with the Nazis for commercial purposes and has somehow got away with it; he talks about his blood, his flesh and his power, and would be a ludicrous figure if he were not alarming. Given six months to live he makes his younger son, who has had the sense to break away from this ghastly family, swear on the Bible that he will take over the chairmanship of the firm, in spite of the reluctance of his wife to become the mistress of the gloomy house which is part of the bargain.

The elder son, a fire-eating soldier wanted by the Allies, is supposed to have got away to South America and died there; in fact he has been upstairs in his bedroom for fourteen years, visited only by his sister, with whom he is living incestuously. He is barking mad, and has shut himself away because he is convinced that his beloved Fatherland is being ground to nothing by its enemies, though he is equally appalled to discover, later in the play, about Germany's extraordinary resurrection.

This raving hermit wears chocolate medals, lives on champagne and oysters, the shells of which he flings during his rages at a photograph of Hitler, and spends his time dictating his confessions into a tape-recorder and addressing an imaginary court of crustaceans on the ceiling.

The old man, whom his son has refused to see for years, persuades his daughter-in-law to visit him, promising release for her husband if she can induce the hermit to come out. Her husband is weak and far from amusing, and she quickly falls in love with his more dynamic brother. Having restored his interest in life without actually becoming his mistress, she learns how brutally he

has behaved in Russia, and is repelled. He comes downstairs, and after a very German scene in which he weeps and clutches his father's knees, they decide they are both guilty and that suicide is the proper thing. Saying formal good-byes to the family, they go off in a Porsche to crash over an embankment.

These grotesque people, haunted by their consciences, have something in common with the doomed characters of *Huis Clos*, but *Altona* is not nearly such an effective piece of writing. The elder son is an exhibitionist in private, and one wearies of his interminable ranting. If the play were cut by an hour—at present it lasts all but three and a half—it would be vastly improved, but would still be special pleading for a bunch of lunatics.

Sean Kenny's set gets the heavy atmosphere of Prussia, and John Berry's production makes the evening as dramatic as it can be. As the hermit Kenneth Haigh gives a clever performance which includes most of the varieties of madness, Claire Bloom is good as the daughter-in-law, and Nigel Stock makes a surprising amount of her unhappy husband. But Diane Cilento's voice is monotonously nasal, even for an incestuous sister, and Basil Sydney could have shaped a much stronger figure out of the old Prussian bull beaten to his knees.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Very Important Person Payroll

A VERY British comedy indeed—that is *Very Important Person* (Director: Ken Annakin). Superficially it is a war film, for most of the action passes in a RAF prisoner-of-war camp in Germany in 1942; but it's quite obvious that nobody concerned takes the war seriously, and it would only spoil things if you thought of the characters in terms of flesh and (God forbid) blood. It is essentially a frame for the Johnsonian boomings of James Robertson Justice. As Sir Ernest Pease, Director of Applied Aeronautical Science, he flies on a bombing mission to watch his radar equipment in action, is shot down, and winds up in a prison camp where his first matter-of-fact question to the Senior British Officer is "How soon can you arrange my escape?"

Most of the comic effects come by way



Leni—DIANE CILENTO

Franz von Gerlach—KENNETH HAIGH

of contrast and incongruity. Here is this stern dead-pan bearded genius (but a real *genius*—he can do *The Times* crossword puzzle just like that, gosh!) who habitually, in almost any connection, makes the kind of remark that was the payoff to innumerable stories of the late Sir Thomas Beecham; and he is in the company of a lot of gay, irresponsible, perfectly happy young men who behave as if they were at school under ludicrously dim-witted and incompetent masters with no way of enforcing authority. True, the commandant once or twice snarls something about the Gestapo, but nothing comes of that, and they know nothing will come of it. Dash it, old boy, this is a *comedy*.

You may object that I'm being too harsh with a trifle . . . but I'm afraid the sort of very British comedy that gets a loud delighted laugh from the audience even when somebody says "Dear old Winston" tends to irritate me these days. As such, it's all right, and innumerable people love it (beginning to chuckle happily as soon as they recognize some sterling member of the British Comedy Rep such as Richard Wattis or John Le Mesurier), but I have a nagging wish for something not quite so obvious: some genuine characters rather than familiar comic types, some genuinely funny lines rather than schoolboy liveliness and head-masterly brusqueness, more skilfully built-up situations and well-timed effects. The greatest success here is Stanley Baxter, doubling as an earnest Scots prisoner and the German commandant whom he later has to impersonate. The portrayal of these two very different characters—not to mention the scene in which one is posing as the other—demands real comedy acting; and it's significant that Mr. Baxter has been warned in print not to do too much of it if he wants to make a name. Except for those willing to wait as long as Sir Alec Guinness or Peter Sellers, the only safe way to popular success is to do the same thing over and over again. After two or three years people get the idea, and know when to laugh.

Payroll (Director: Sidney Hayers) is another of those stories about the planning and execution of a big robbery, and it begins quite well: a shock opening, before the credits. An armoured van is being demonstrated, with a device that sets off an alarm and screams and yells "Bandits!" when there is any unauthorized attempt to get into it. Then the scene is established—Newcastle; and we watch a group of men under a pathologically ruthless leader (Michael Craig) planning the robbery and carrying it out. There is some well-handled suspense here as unexpected things dislocate the arrangements. The exterior scenes, the car chases and so forth in the streets of Newcastle, are much the best part of the film; the interiors too often have a bright, empty, echoing, unlivable air.



Sir Ernest Pease—JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE

[Very Important Person]

But once the job is done, and the thieves-fall-out routine gets going, the pile-up of violence and double-crossing becomes absurd. Beating-up, fire, shooting, drowning in a bog . . . there's hardly time even for the obligatory bed-scene. Long before the fadeout comes, with the last surviving robber in the river being run down by a motor cruiser on board which is the vengeful wife of his first victim, we have ceased to take the thing seriously.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Animal Farm

I HAVE long believed that the top moguls of ITV are all either drunkards or brewers. They persuade me to this opinion by keeping their most engaging programmes until the pubs shut. During licensing hours they stick to the old routine of cops and cowboys, comics and quiz-masters. Only when time has been called do they sign off the mediocrity-monitors, those Javerts of TAM who ensure that quality never obtrudes in between the bilko-charm of Yogi Bear and the equal fascination of A. J. P. Taylor. The Monday late-spot so splendidly filled by the latter lecturer until the Treaty of Versailles deprived us of his company is currently occupied by the return of *The Animal Story* (Granada).

We got away to a fairly formal start with our old friends the chimps proving that they are considerably smarter than our pride can admit. The succeeding episodes about armoured creatures and animals at birth have taken us back to the small world beloved of the Zoo Film Unit. Like Hans Hass, they seem happiest when horribly intimate with

our tiniest relations. The stalk-eyes of a snail blown up full-screen and flexing like the fingers of Gargantua's glove, the tail of a crayfish twitching as an otter eats its head, the windscreen-wiper limb of a crab aiming to give my eyeballs the once-over—these images will take over my insomnia from the praying mantis left on haunt by the last series. I am most grateful, however, for that delightful demonstration that chimps are afraid of mushrooms. This is the sort of fact which my rag-bag memory treasures to the exclusion of where I parked the car and it has already given me another fantasy into which I can escape when the efficiency-mongers menace me . . . Franklin Engleman puts the question to the *Ask Me Another* team "Of what vegetable are some primates afraid?" Olive Stephens and Reginald Webster admit defeat; the best Edward Mould can do is to suggest mangel-wurzels. I stand up from the audience and hush them with my presence. "Monkeys," I say incisively, "are afraid of mushrooms." A burst of applause goes up as I walk out and Jingle lopes after me, begging me to take over from Webster . . .

This service apart, *The Animal Story* is maintaining past standards and again

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Theatre," Belgrade Theatre, Coventry.

England and Australia Cricket Centenary Exhibition at Qantas Empire Airways Piccadilly includes *Punch* drawings on the Test Match theme.



the scripts, written by Philip Oakes, terse of phrase and swift with fact, are admirably suited to their intent, and are delivered as they deserve by Desmond Morris.

Not always is the English of television commentary either mellifluous or appropriate and it is among the sports reporters, heedless of Glanville, oblivious to Ross, that most disciples of the trite are found. A shining exception in this field is Dorian Williams, lately come back to us with the Badminton Horse Trials. He is, I think, without peer among the on-the-spot commentators in the flow of his elegant words and the crisp modulation of his delivery. His ability to explain without patronizing and the smooth accuracy of his vocabulary are the more remarkable since adherents to his sport are uncommonly fond of the esoteric cliché. He has the happiest knack, sadly lacking in many commentators, of never irritating with garrulity and yet saying enough at the right points to illuminate the scene for the viewer to whom horses are names in

the paper to bet on. Excitement is raised without raucousness and the quiet variations in speed and tension of his voice point the drama in much the style of Sir Brian Horrocks.

Some little water has flowed down the river since Sir Brian gave the last of his monthly talks on *Great Captains* (BBC), but since I never willingly miss his programmes I am loth to let the series pass without comment. Particularly when I feel that someone is leading him astray. In *Great Captains* they departed from the old formula of relying on his personality and allowing him only such minimum of maps and magnetic arrows as would make his campaigns clear. This time they gimmicked up the lectures with animated maps. The bouncing blocks of cavalry, the centipedes of infantry, the tricky, flashing guns killed all drama the General conjured up and took all majesty from his pictured battles. These electronic antics broke the historic spell; we were forced at Ramillies to forget the splendour of Marlborough and to consider instead the ingenuity of Mr. Wurmser. Sir

Brian lost his impact under the mechanical halter, sounding like a Stratford guide as he recited in careful time to the wriggling jigsaws. But when, in the last programme about Wellington, they let him loose on the model with no other props but his voice and his expressive hands, he gave a magnificent exposition of the battle. It was a brilliant monologue in his best style and I pray when next he entertains us that Miss Denny will forsake the gimmicks.

— PATRICK RYAN

★

"Had it not been for the so-called 'die-hards'—a term so often referred to us Nationalists disparagingly, yet so invigorating to all those who do not betray principles—who have unfailingly sustained the 'European theory' of our now muddled thinking on 'European theory' of our ethnological existence, by now muddled thinking on this subject would have been more general and deep-rooted."

—Times of Malta

We see what you mean.

BOOKING OFFICE

AN X-RAY FOR LIES

By PHILIP HENGIST

The Spanish Civil War. Hugh Thomas.
Eyre and Spottiswoode, 42/-

AT last we have it—the real story of the Spanish War, told at full length (the book runs to more than 700 pages), with all its infinity of episode and character, its endless mysteries and ramifications, its gallantry and its barbarities set down and sifted, from the outbreak to the sombre aftermath. Mr. Thomas had no need to dramatize his narrative, nor has he done so: the whole terrible drama, whose impact many of us remember so vividly but whose incidents we have forgotten, speaks for itself. No civil war was ever fought with such savagery—or with such bravery, on both sides—as that which took place in Spain between July 1936 and March 1939. Six hundred thousand dead—320,000 in action, 100,000 by murder or summary execution—out of a nation of twenty-four million, attest the ferocity of the struggle.

Such a conflict deserved a fine historian and Mr. Thomas's account, fluent, fair-minded, its multitude of facts brilliantly marshalled and deployed, is a most distinguished achievement. It has been made at just the right time in point of perspective, while the fact that so many of the *dramatis personae* still survive give the book a human bite and relevancy that a later study might lack. There will be further accounts of the Spanish Civil War, propounding new theories, new conclusions. In the meantime it is safe to say that this book will be read for many years to come. It springs from a response to a great and a challenging theme, a quality that only the true historian possesses.

As Mr. Thomas says, European opinion was as inflamed by the Spanish War as it had been by the Fall of the Bastille. Spain "offered the twentieth century an 1848," wrote Stephen Spender; "The struggle in Spain," declared Auden, "has X-rayed the lies upon which our civilization is built"; at last, thought Philip Toynbee, "the gloves were off in the struggle against Fascism." The impulse was generous and immediate; it is good to be reminded how deeply intellectual consciences (not

least the French Catholics such as Mauriac, Bernanos and Maritain) were stirred by the events in the Peninsula. Yet, as Mr. Thomas rightly points out in his early chapters, the origins of the war were of a strictly Spanish nature, the final eruption of antagonisms that had been lacerating Spain ever since the wars of Napoleon. There was the old quarrel between the Church and the liberals; the old struggle between landowner and peasant, and later between the *bourgeoisie* and the urban workers; the old demand for regional rights and autonomy in Catalonia and the Basque provinces. The Second Spanish Republic that followed the removal of Alfonso XIII (he never abdicated) solved nothing, since it was never really accepted by either the political Right or Left.

It was upon these searing quarrels that the country was constructed. There were no habits of organization, compromise or even articulation respected, or even sought by all Spaniards. In so far as there were traditions common to all Spain, these were of violent disputes. Yet all Spaniards were . . . aware that Spain had once been the greatest country in the world . . . and that these continual disputes were unworthy of so great a history. This partly at least caused Spaniards to think that there was something undignified in any compromise of their ideals . . .

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



A definitive work

It was this refusal to compromise that partly explains the atrocious cruelties practised on both sides—the massacre at Toledo when the Alcazar was relieved, the mass shootings of the *bourgeoisie* in the Bay of Sitges. (Mr. Thomas has a passion, highly appropriate where the Spanish War is concerned, for the Gibbonian footnote. On the murder gangs of Sitges he remarks that "if the Anarchists had not spent so much petrol driving future victims to beautiful places to die, and trying to burn churches to the ground, the task of their armed forces in Aragon in August would have been a good deal easier.")

The protagonists and their supporters—Azana, fastidious, ugly, homosexual ("a somewhat rare condition in Spain"); "La Pasionaria" ("the Right spread rumours that she had once cut a priest's throat with her own teeth"); Queipo de Llano, handsome, ribald and tipsy, whose endless and pointless tirades set even Franco laughing; above all, the *Caudillo* himself—patient, cautious, enigmatic and entirely ruthless—these miniature portraits are admirably managed. Mr. Thomas tells us that it is certain that "General Franco gave orders that no appeals for clemency should reach him until after the execution of the sentence." A brutal act, in key with the rest of the conflict.

DIVIDED WE STAND

The Fourfold Tradition. Rayner Heppenstall. Barrie and Rockliff, 25/-

This is a curious, disjointed and yet fascinating book. Mr. Heppenstall's over-riding proposition is that there are four traditions in our literature. One is the English and one the French; he points out, with lively scholarship, that our sense of separate nationality is a late flowering and based on many erroneous premises (though the errors don't make it any less a present-day fact). He then divides each of these "national" literary traditions into two, one urbane and metropolitan and the other provincial and what I would call "Populist." Using this general thesis as a "viewfinder," Mr. Heppenstall then goes on to analyse a great many novels and novelists from an interesting socio-literary critical viewpoint. What particularly interests him is the way in which the arts commonly lie near the centres of power, yet are produced by people whom one might class nastily as social climbers. How do their values and those of the audience, which condition the work as all consumers condition what they seek to own, come together? This is a question that I find as fascinating as Mr. Heppenstall does. But I should want to go on and ask: why do modern English writers feel

an instinctive kinship with American rather than French writers nowadays? What effect does the fact that many English writers now conceive of their audience as international (and particularly Anglo-American) have? What has happened to the old international republic of letters and where, to-day, is its capital (could it be New York)?

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

THREE SECOND NOVELS

Seventeen Come Sunday. James Garford. Faber, 16/-

On the Loose. John Stroud. Longmans, 16/-

The Tired Spy. David Stone. Peter Davies, 15/-

SECOND novels show at once whether their writers are inventors or reporters. All three of these writers turn out to be reporters.

Seventeen Come Sunday is a reconstitution, like the reconstituted potato we used to grumble at during rationing but now buy eagerly at the supermarket, of the youth of a sensitive middle-class Catholic boy from primary school to the first day of National Service. It is technically brilliant; the scene is presented with *trompe l'oeil* realism; but the trouble is that Mr. Garford has not provided a story-line to hang his characters on. Ordinary people doing ordinary things can hold the attention just so long, but their sponsor must not be disappointed if readers lose interest in them half-way through—as happened with me. I wanted the characters' actions to matter more than the daily entries in a schoolboy's diary, and they seldom did.

On the Loose is the kind of fictionalized documentary that takes up so much time on television these days. It is like a good episode of *Probation Officer* and as a tireless fan of that programme I regard this as a compliment. It tells of a little boy, adopted by a couple who tire of him, who runs away, drifts into minor delinquency, and makes a progress through various examples of the institutions supplied by a paternalistic society for rootless children of this kind. Mr. Stroud, who is professionally concerned in this sort of work, shows deep understanding of the problems faced both by the children and the officials involved, and as case-book fiction his book is interesting throughout. I only sighed for a touch of that quality that differentiates *Oliver Twist* from *Dixon of Dock Green*.

Mr. Stone's first novel was positively photographic in its delineation of the life and times of the Chelsea half-world; in *The Tired Spy* he has tried hard to be an inventor but only shows what a reporter he really is. His hero is a middle-aged Secret Service man who decides Gauguin-fashion to cut loose from work and family and go to Florence to paint. This basic situation and its farcical consequences never seem other than contrived. On the other hand, Mr. Stone is a keen observer

of comic character (though he should resist the temptation to overload his background with unnecessary detail, however correct); and as it is observation of character rather than contrivance of situation that Mr. Stone chiefly banks on, *The Tired Spy* is often very funny. But if the invention had been stronger, the Balchinian crescendo at the end more urgently sustained, it would have been even better.

—B. A. YOUNG

FUROR AMERICANUS

The Civil War in America. Alan Barker. Black, 18/-

The Road to Harpers Ferry. J. C. Furnas. Faber, 30/-

Mr. Barker's succinct introduction to the politics of the American Civil War for British readers is more than a little masterpiece of compression; many good textbooks have been called that. It is an argument about the causes of the outbreak that leads right through to an argument about its consequences. The book's hero is Lincoln. Its villains are generally legislators of one kind or another. In discussing the reasons for the defeat of the South, Mr. Barker lays more stress on the insensate maintenance of State rights, even against the Confederacy, than on the fall of Vicksburg, though the little he does say about the actual fighting is well said. He is most interesting on the differences between the Old South and the New South.

Mr. Furnas's *The Road to Harpers Ferry: Facts and Follies of the War on Slavery* is sardonic, cranky, learned and, within the limits of humanity, entertaining. He attacks the legend that all Abolitionists were pure souls sacrificing themselves that their black brothers should be free. Some were, but some were power-hungry exhibitionists, many had little regard for truth and John Brown himself was a dangerous psychopath. Mr. Furnas begins with a vivid

but critical examination of the skirmish at Harpers Ferry, switches to West Africa for a look at what black man could do to black and describes the horrors of the Atlantic passage. He compares conditions in the West Indies with the milder conditions and less violent atmosphere of the mainland plantations, distinguishes between the various levels of conduct among the reformers, British and American, and is always ready to break off the chase after cruel overseers or do-gooders gone bad to share with the reader some odd, moving or funny fact from his expansive reading. Perhaps he is really asking all enthusiasts and revolutionaries "Couldn't you have got an even better result with less fuss and misery?"

—R. G. G. PRICE

Now We Are Enemies. Thomas J. Fleming. Gollancz, 25/-

The Battle of Bunker Hill to almost any American stands for a glorious opening victory in the War of Independence and the end of any hope of conciliation whereas to the average Englishman, naturally little interested in history, it is just one more battle. In fact it was one of the outstanding feats of arms of the British Army, a tactical victory against impossible odds and in face of horrible casualties.

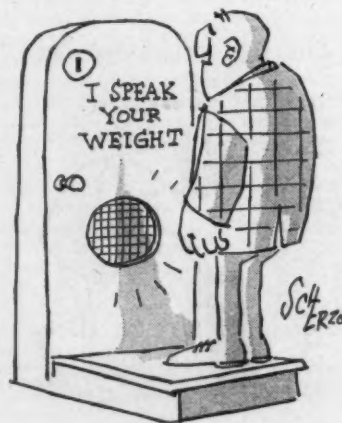
Mr. Fleming has applied the minute-by-minute technique over three crucial days almost too successfully, rather sacrificing continuity to suspense and pausing now and then to put an extra bright polish on his purple patches, but in the result his picture is intimate, complete and impartial. Amazingly he has been able to bring to life the personalities of scores of the fighting men of both sides and all ranks, and he gives us their courage or their weakness no less than the heat, thirst, weariness, despair and agony of the battle.

—C. CONWAY PLUMBE

SANITY IN LOTUS-LAND

What Vedanta Means to Me. Edited by John Yale. Rider, 21/-

In Los Angeles some people sometimes eat in a restaurant the shape of a bowler hat; at the same time some others meditate in a Vedanta monastery. It isn't easy for an outsider to realize that the Brown Derby serves serious food and that the Hollywood monks think serious thoughts; but it does, and evidently they do, as even the most sceptical of readers should feel bound to concede after reading this collection of testimonials from *Vedanta and the West*, the magazine published by the Vedanta Society of Southern California. Vincent Sheean, an American journalist who knew Gandhi, acknowledges in a foreword that manifestations of Western interest in Indian mysticism are "generally concentrated upon some yogi or other, who may or may not be an outright impostor exploiting credulity." However, this book, with contributions by Gerald Sykes, John van



"Welter."

Druten and others, as well as by the better known California Vedantists, Messrs. Huxley, Heard and Isherwood, is impressively reasonable and calm and unpretentious. It is the decent sanity of their manner, more than the substance of what they say, that makes their creed seem valuable beyond words.

— PATRICK SKENE CATLING

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

The Shadow of the Dam. David Howarth. Collins, 18/-

"Simply the story," writes Mr. Howarth, "of the fifty thousand primitive people called Tonga who lived in the valley before the dam was built and of what happened when they were told that the flow of their river was going to stop and their land was going to disappear below the water of a lake." That is about it. A nice, simple people living their traditional life in their traditional home—the stern demand of Progress requiring its destruction—the authorities able clearly to explain how the dam will benefit the economy as a whole but admittedly finding it very difficult to show what good it will do to the Tongas—growing misunderstanding culminating in a shedding of blood which both sides hate—Mr. Howarth tells it all extraordinarily well and movingly. So refreshingly different from the African stories with which in these days we are all too familiar in which the actors are divided by the narrator with complete self-confidence into angels and villains. It raises the much deeper question how far Progress is possible without a good deal of incidental suffering and the destruction of much that is in itself of value.

— CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

THE CASE OF THE ELUSIVE MAID

Operation Shepherdess. André Guérin and Jack Palmer White. Heinemann, 25/-

This is a fascinating re-examination of the life of Joan of Arc, plausible and closely documented, but written in such a ghastly Aha-what-have-we-here style, semée of exclamation-marks, that it is hard to see it as a work of scholarship.

The authors' principal conclusions, which they present thrillerwise at the end, are these: Joan was not the daughter of Jacques d'Arc but of Duke Louis of Orleans (so she was half-sister to Duke Charles of Orleans) and of Isabeau of Bavaria, Charles VI's queen (and so half-sister to Charles VII). She was not burned, but smuggled away by Cauchon with the connivance of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Winchester, and after some years in captivity with the English, escaped and subsequently married Robert des Armoises in Lorraine. There is a lot of conjecture among the argument, and it's hard to see why a sword erect in pale on Joan's arms is called a bend sinister; but there is no doubt that the vast amount of evidence brought forward does amount to something.

— B. A. YOUNG

MASS RE-OBSERVATION

Britain Revisited. Tom Harrison. Golancz, 25/-

Mass Observation's co-founder, on leave from his anthropological work in Borneo, has knocked together a volume that includes detached studies by various Mass Observation writers re-examining in 1960 topics investigated a generation ago, e.g., church attendance in Bolton, bits of cheery, nostalgic early history of what has now become a more professional and commercial organization and wild swipes at academic sociologists. However, in a firm and sober postscript, Professor Madge gives generous praise to Dr. Michael Young and the Institute of Community Studies.

As usual the material is fascinating, even if sometimes nothing much seems to be done with it. While overwhelming evidence of the rapid rise in the public's intellectual voracity is quoted, some of the evidence of ignorance is extraordinary: in the week before Princess Margaret was married, one person in ten sampled did not know who Mr. Armstrong-Jones was. The strongest impression left on Mass Observers by these return visits was the huge area of British life that is virtually unchanged.

— LEWIS BANKS

LITERARY GIANT

Thomas Wolfe. A Biography. Elizabeth Nowell. Heinemann, 42/-

Respectful love obviously inspires Miss Nowell's weighty biography of the novelist whose autobiographical, and equally weighty, fiction has provoked such bitter posthumous controversy. Genius run wild would appear to be the final verdict of Tom Wolfe, whose appetite for words was as gargantuan as his taste for food, alcohol, love, litigation and persecution mania. Wolfe was physically something of a giant (beds as well as shoes had to be made to measure for him), and it is hardly surprising that he lived halfway between reality and legend, creating his own myth with a reckless and damaging enthusiasm.



"Oh, stop grumbling. Be thankful you've got a roof over your feet."

Miss Nowell, who was Wolfe's literary agent, throws all the facts and fables at us, and there is no denying the purely personal fascination of this explosive character. The Wolfe story is as long as the Wolfe life was short, and exciting to say the least. Where Miss Nowell fails is as a biographer: she allows herself to be swamped by her material and cohesion is no part of her ability. Whimsically irritating is her fashion of referring to her part in the story as "Miss Nowell." Even so this volume is a lead-into for the future Wolfian biographer with a creative pattern and purpose.

— KAY DICK

RECOLLECTED IN TRANQUILLITY

Edinburgh's Child. Eleanor Sillar. Oliver and Boyd, 16/-.. Eleanor Sillar was born in 1869 and "came out" in 1887. Her lively and evocative recollections of childhood in a cultured and comfortably-off Edinburgh family have great charm, and are pleasantly set off by the decorations of Oliver Holt.



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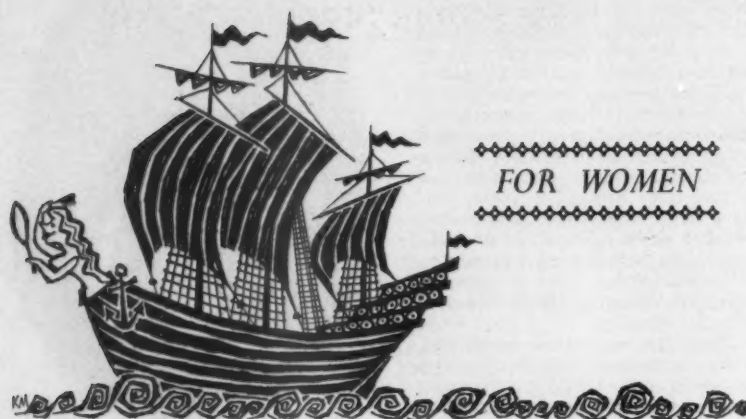
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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE



Motoring With Mother

MOTHER'S motoring began in the early nineteen twenties, when we acquired a car and a man called Pardoe, who was engaged to look after it and to give Mother and Father driving lessons. After Father's second attempt, during which he executed a smart left-hand turn at a busy cross-roads and knocked a woman's shopping basket out of her hand as she stood on the kerb, Pardoe pointed out that he had a wife and four children dependent on him, and Sir had better stick to horses. Still, he persevered with Mother and in due course pronounced her ready to go solo.

This first car was a Fiat and, like most Latins, very dashing but inclined to be temperamental. This usually took the form of refusing to start in the mornings. Fortunately a number of elderly gentlemen were in the habit of taking their morning stroll up or down the gentle slope of our road at about the time Mother went shopping, so she would wait until one came in sight and would then ask him with her charming smile if he could kindly give her just a tiny little push?

After a while the supply of old gentlemen began to dwindle and finally ceased altogether, whether because the exertion had proved fatal or because they decided to take their exercise elsewhere, we never knew.

Then Uncle Arthur came to stay and, after watching this performance for a

couple of mornings, he pointed out that this was a great waste of time and all the Fiat needed to get her in motion was a couple of good swings with the starting handle. He got through the first good swing and was just going round for the second time when the starting handle flew off and broke Uncle Arthur's nose.

After that the Fiat went and we stuck to British cars. They might not be so elegant but they certainly stood up better to Mother's driving.

Motoring then settled down to what became Mother's normal style. She was a great one for hand signals, keeping a pair of immaculate white gloves in the car for the purpose. Following motorists no doubt admired the stylish waves and gestures emerging from her off-side window, but whether they had the slightest idea of her intentions was quite another matter.

Those who were sufficiently intrepid to risk overtaking her were rewarded by a smile and a gracious bow, unless they happened to hoot, or shout rude remarks as they drew level. The hooters received a series of friendly, answering toots; "I'm sorry, I can't hear you," Mother would mouth pleasantly to the shouters, presumably under the impression they were passing the time of day.

She took it for granted that she would receive the same courtesy from men on the road as she did in the drawing room. "A gentleman always gives way to a

lady, dear," she would say reassuringly as we plunged into a turmoil of buses and taxi-cabs. Oddly enough, they usually did; either the age of chivalry was not quite dead, or else their nerves could not stand it.

In spite of all this, Mother never had what she called a "real" accident—presumably she meant that no one was killed or maimed as a result of her driving. Apart from Uncle Arthur, of course, and that was his own fault for being so unkind about those obliging old gentlemen.

I do, however, recall one what might be termed "incident" when the bus on which I was returning home from school one day slowed down a little sooner than usual for the stop at the end of our road.

"Been an accident," said the conductor knowledgeably, indicating the crowd of onlookers blocking the way, a van half on its side in the hedge and a car in the middle of the road. Several sinister, bleeding lumps of flesh were scattered about. A woman passenger in the bus had hysterics. Fortunately I recognized the tip-tilted van as belonging to the local butcher.

Restraining a craven impulse to stay on the bus until it was able to go on to the next stop, I pushed through the crowd towards a blue helmet and a well-known voice.

"There's really no need to write anything down in your notebook," Mother was saying. "After all, I didn't actually *hit* him. He went in the ditch quite of his own accord."

It took the Second World War to put a stop to Mother's motoring. For a long while she talked hopefully of the new little car she would buy after the war. But her driving licence lapsed and she felt it beneath her dignity as an experienced motorist of so many years to have to submit to a test like any learner. Perhaps it was just as well. I have a feeling she would have charmed the examiner into passing her.

— EILEEN FORREST

☆

"EXQUISITE: French hand-made bedroom furniture; elegant Louis XV Dressing Table, £38; Bedside Cabinet, £15 gns.; 2 Fitted Wardrobes; Serpentine Chest; Bedhead; Chaise Longue, oyster white and gilt."—*Kentish Times Advertisement*

Oo-la-la.

The Hep-cat's Lament

I LOVED the way he wore his jazzy tie,
His pointed winkle-picker suedette shoes,
His well-set hair that showed a bronzy dye,
His mellow voice, for ever crooning blues.

I'd find him in the snack-bar every night,
With cup in hand and cigarette on lip,
The juke-box trembled, playing "Travelling Light,"
He'd tap a foot, rotate a lazy hip.

Gone are his tight Italian pin-striped jeans,
Gone are his side-burns, grown with anxious care.
He's left the juke-box to the older teens,
I loved him once, but now I'm in despair.

Grey billowing flannels now conform to rule,
He's back in Prefect's uniform, at school.

— FORM IV

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GIRLS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL
MANSFIELD



"Sis won't be long—she's mussing her hair."

The Right Type

IN all the talk about the future of the Fourth Estate no one appears to have consulted The Housewife. This may be due to a simple misunderstanding. Before my son enlightened me I alternated between thinking, according to context, that the Fourth Estate was either a breakaway province in Eastern Europe or a refinement of matrimonial status enjoyed by the rich and multi-espoused.

Once it has been made clear that the subject at issue is the fate of the national press it is obvious that the housewife is greatly concerned with the type, the quality and the size of this invaluable adjunct to the civilized home.

A man finishes with his paper when he drops it on the floor. From there the woman takes over. To a certain extent one makes do with what one gets but innovations are always welcome. It was by chance that I discovered my favourite paper for lining shelves. Only in the peculiarly compelling atmosphere of a cupboard can I fully savour the fascination of the *Financial Times* share index.

Brand loyalty can be strong. In a letter to *The Observer* one young lady revealed that she always dried her woollies on a copy of that paper. She actually complained that the print of a lesser publication transferred itself to her jersey—but need that be a disadvantage? A little experiment with a damp white shirt and you could beat Fornasetti at his own game.

The pillbox papers, which are easy to tear, are most popular for stuffing the toes of wet shoes and one, more resistant than the rest, crumples springily to lay the airy foundations of a well-ventilated fire. And everyone knows by simple trial and error which paper serves best to draw the dying embers.

One puff I will give (since it is unlikely to appear on the posters) to a paper which has never let me down. However soggy the garbage which I dutifully wrap before disposal I have never had a leak or a burst. The top people's paper has the toughest bottom.

— JENNIFER PRICE

Toby Competitions

No. 164—Nothing Wasted

YOU have been left THREE of the following; devise a means of making an income from their joint use: A pair of antlers, an adwoson, a Rembrandt, an aviary, an electric sewing-machine, a wheel-chair, half-a-mile of foreshore rights in Northumberland, an arc-lamp, a howdah. Limit: 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, May 10.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 164, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 161

(Service Withdrawn)

Laments for the passing of *Bradshaw* were heart-felt. The nostalgia was strong enough to satisfy a Betjeman. There was quality too; without an overshadowing Parnassian peak it was not easy to decide on which ridge to put the first prize cairn. Finally it went to:

M. O. CARTER
BELVEDERE

LEIGH WOODS
BRISTOL, 8

Bradshaw! Thou shouldst be living at this hour;
Not to behold the passing of thy Guide,
That peerless Guide, that literary flower
Of locomotive knowledge, and the pride
Of Manchester since 1839;
Nay, rather, we would have thee with us now
To counsel us upon the sad decline
Of British Railways, and consider how
Performance may be matched with advertised
Departure and arrival; for no Guide—
Until that former state be realized—
Not even thine, but is by fact belied.
Couldst thou the true solution but divine.
Full £20,000 (less tax) were thine.

Runners-up, some of whom were very near the tape, were:



"I notice you mention in your brochure that you sometimes take older men with degrees."

Now weep the engines in their darkling sheds,
Majestic signals hang their scarlet heads;
No longer shall we look to your directions,
Great Guide of unimpeachable connections.
Unaided now, the passenger must strive
To travel hopefully and to arrive:
And there is many a sad commuter who
At London Bridge shall meet his Waterloo.
While we, bereft, have still to journey on,
You chart celestial routes in Avalon.
Elysian Fields are now your Temple Meads,
Your hieroglyphs the angel voyager reads.
St. Pancras! Hear a stranded traveller's cry:
"There, but for the change at Crewe, go I!"

B. D. Sylvester, Turret House, Park Street, Windsor

When I consider how my time was spent
Planning with *Bradshaw's* aid a train from Crewe
Which took me, via Deal, to Waterloo,
Thinking that if, instead of seeing Kent,
I sailed from Wigan Pier, calling at Trent,
'Twas easier so for 'twas a route I knew,
And better far than going round by Kew—
It seems to me, it's time that *Bradshaw* went!
To-day, I go direct by road, and yet
I find it cramping in a baby car
And often irritating in a bus
Farewell *Bradshaw!* I say it with regret
At eighty-five I find it better far
To stay at home—M1 is not for us!

Ralph C. Hazell, Knives Farm, Prestwood, Great Missenden, Bucks.

This is your day of glory; you are free
From sordid men who study you to gain
The facts, but overlook the poetry,
And only wish to catch an actual train.

The missed connection and the tedious wait
No more shall mock you. We can only find,
Among your pages safely out of date,
The noble, silent journeys of the mind.

D. E. Young, September Cottage, Forgandenny, Perth

Sad trains of thought have started, since you are,
Dear *Bradshaw*, banished from our British scene
And numbered with the things that once have been,
No more to serve us as a Guiding Star.
How shall we fare from Peterham to Par
(Saturdays Only) via Walham Green?
Who, now shall warn us that the 9.15
Runs in Two Parts but has no Dining-Car?
For us no more your bright injunctions shine,
Time's Tables turn and Fate's slow-moving finger
Erases that which once we strove to learn;
Not all our tears can bring back half a line
While you on Life's Departure Platform linger
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Mrs. N. Gunter, 31, Montpelier Terrace, Cheltenham

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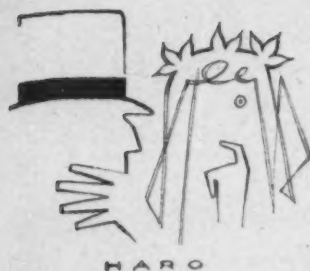


Sun. Blissful, basking sunshine, bleaching the hair, tanning the skin. The sea's a blue
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THE GOING'S GOOD BY **UNION-CASTLE** THE BIG SHIP WAY TO AFRICA



What is life for?

I'VE BEEN prompted to ask this uncomfortably basic question by, of all things, Penelope Gilliatt's film reviews in *The Observer*.

I have always regarded myself as a non-film-goer, yet have become a devoted reader of hers in the few months she's been reviewing. For the first time in my life, I've been made to feel films *matter*. At first I was put out by her way of finding unexpected moral implications in the slightest of slight entertainment. But of course she's absolutely right: films do influence people for better or worse.

She is also that unusual thing, a woman who is a wit. Her mention of those anthropomorphic people who say 'Please don't feed the parking meters' has made her welcome to five minutes of my leisure any Sunday.

One thing I wonder. Will she in the end be stultified, as I would be, by having to see four or five films a week? I hope and trust she'll show the powers of survival of her mythological namesake, that unwearying picker apart.

Appetite for plays

Her colleague Kenneth Tynan thrives on seeing plays. The bad ones sharpen his appetite for the good. If his reviews are sometimes savage they only aim to clear the stage for better things to come. His praise is as unstinted as his obloquy. When he does have something to say for a play it is usually because the play itself has something to say.

Which brings me back to the question, what is life for? I believe the arts are to do with this question and help to answer it. This seems to be the point of view of the reviewers in *The Observer*, too, which is possibly why they're so well suited to a paper that's concerned with life—not frivolously nor earnestly but entertainingly and seriously. I commend it to you.

J.B.L.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

Browse and Delbanco. 19th- and 20th-century French and English flower-paintings. **Royal Academy.** Summer Exhibition; Sir Edwin Landseer. **Tooth's.** French 19th- and 20th-century masters. **Upper Grosvenor.** "Grands et Jeunes d'Aujourd'hui." **V. & A.** Centenary exhibition of Kuniyoshi prints and drawings; National art treasures of Korea. **Waddington.** Denis Mitchell sculpture. **Walker's.** Paintings by Anthony Day and Edwin Mortlock. **White-chapel.** Edmond Kapp. **Zwemmer.** New paintings by Alistair Grant.

SHOPS

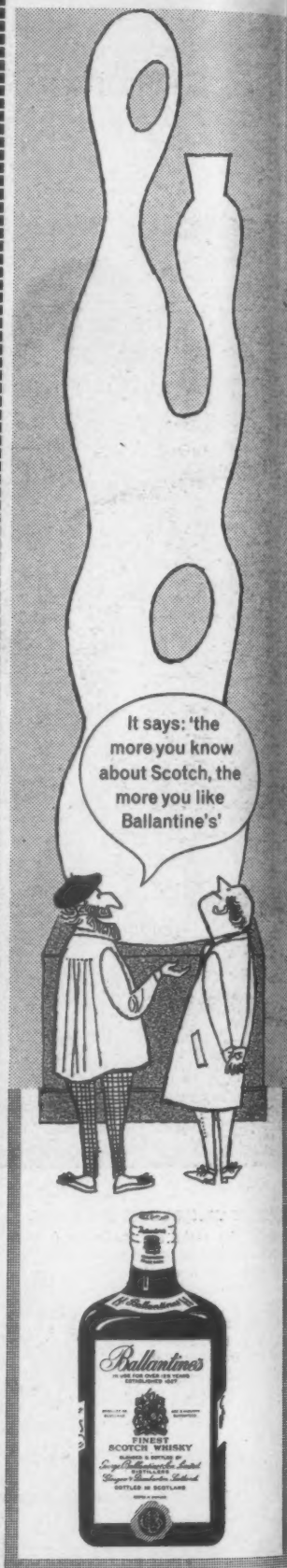


In line with the season **Aquascutum** opened their Men's Holiday Shop on May 1st. For home or abroad there are shirts, trousers, light-weight jackets, white dinner jackets and beachwear. On the feminine side **Woollands** are showing beachwear by Emilio Pucci, the Italian designer, while **Bourne and Hollingsworth** are holding daily tea-time fashion shows featuring beachwear during the weeks beginning 8th, 15th and 22nd May. Starting on May 8th they also have morning and afternoon fashion parades of Courtaulds fabrics made up into Vogue patterns, given in conjunction with Hotpoint and Persil. This is for one week in the Fabric Department. Both lunch and fashion show can be combined at **Marshall and Snelgrove** from 9th to 11th May. New line skirts and co-relating lambswool sweaters are currently appearing at **The Scotch House**; also proofed satinized cotton coats for dual purpose day and evening wear. American beauty adviser Madame Rose Laird is giving personal consultations on the afternoons of May 15th and 21st at D. H. Evans, while Elizabeth Arden's products for suntan and anti-suntan are coming into the shops now.

A new and quite exclusive range of men's Italian knitwear can be found at **Hope Brothers**. Or why not a Persian suede cardigan at **Hector Powe's**, with knitted back and sleeves? Made in Italian suede colours. Equally colourful is **Harrods' Flower Show**, on display in the Central Hall until 6th May; also at this store on 3rd May, in the current series "Tea with an Author," Alison Adburgham will speak on "Victorian Lady to Modern Woman." On the following Wednesday, May 10th, Hammond Innes will be talking about "The Facts behind the Fiction."

Beginning mid-May **Liberty's** is having a special display of wall hangings, ceramics, furnishing fabrics, etc, by Rut Bryke, who is the leading designer in Finland, while **Fortnum and Masons** have obtained the sole rights in Europe for an exciting collection of handmade jewellery by Arthur King, the well-known USA designer. From luxury to luggage, and this week **Bentalls** of Kingston combine the two in their "Travel in the Jet Age" display.

Students from the Central School of Arts and Crafts have designed room settings as part of **Whiteley's** birthday celebrations this week. Events culminate on May 6th at 11.30 am with a cake-cutting ceremony by the stars of *The Bride Comes Back*.





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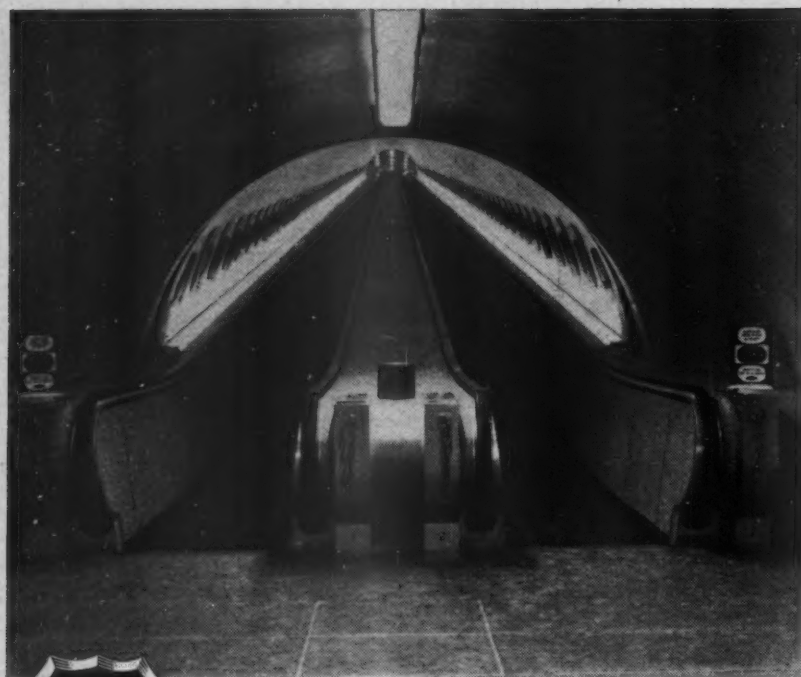
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